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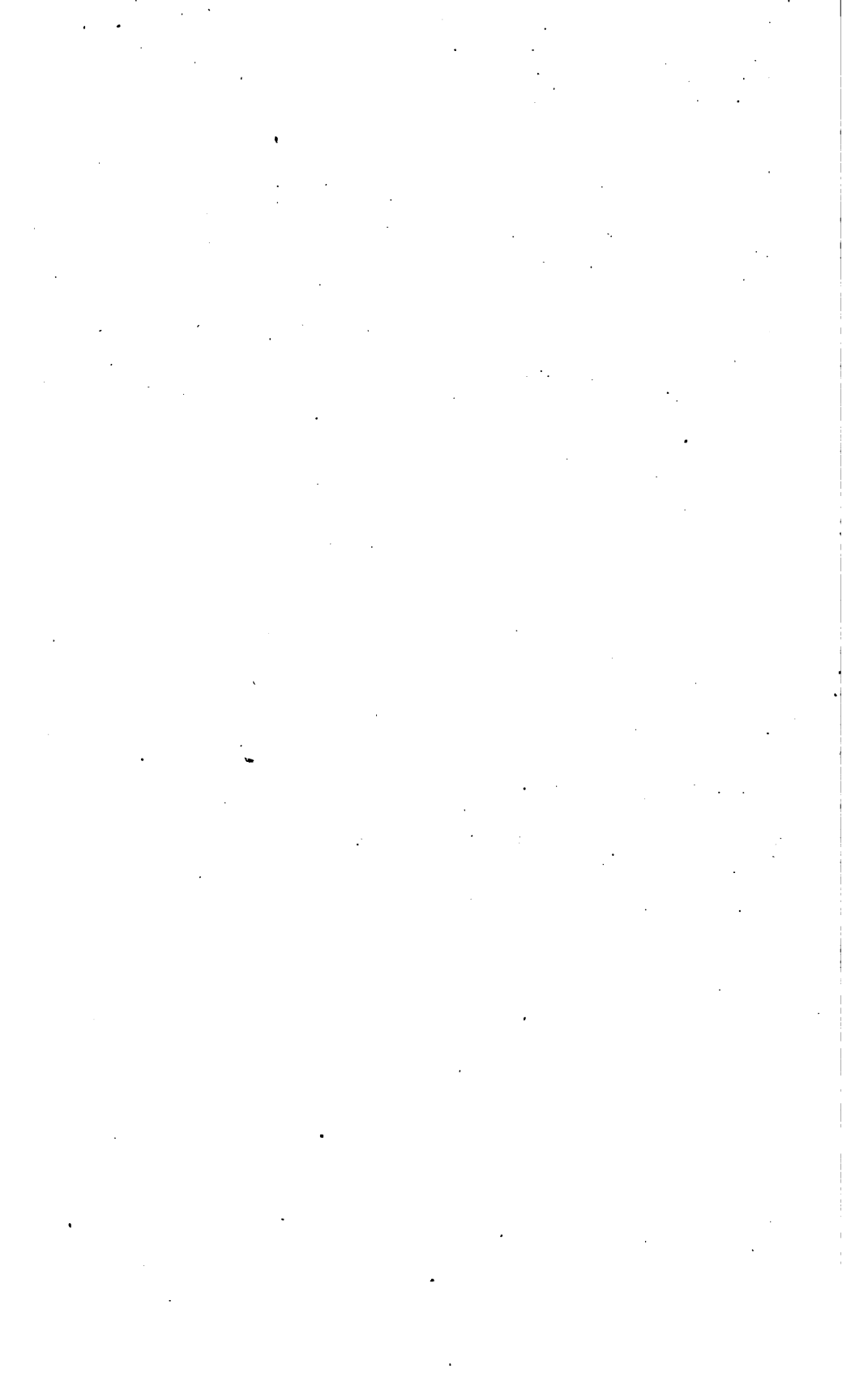
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Pack, E. A.

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A SERMON

PREACHED IN

BRAINTREE, MASS., AUGUST 15, 1873,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

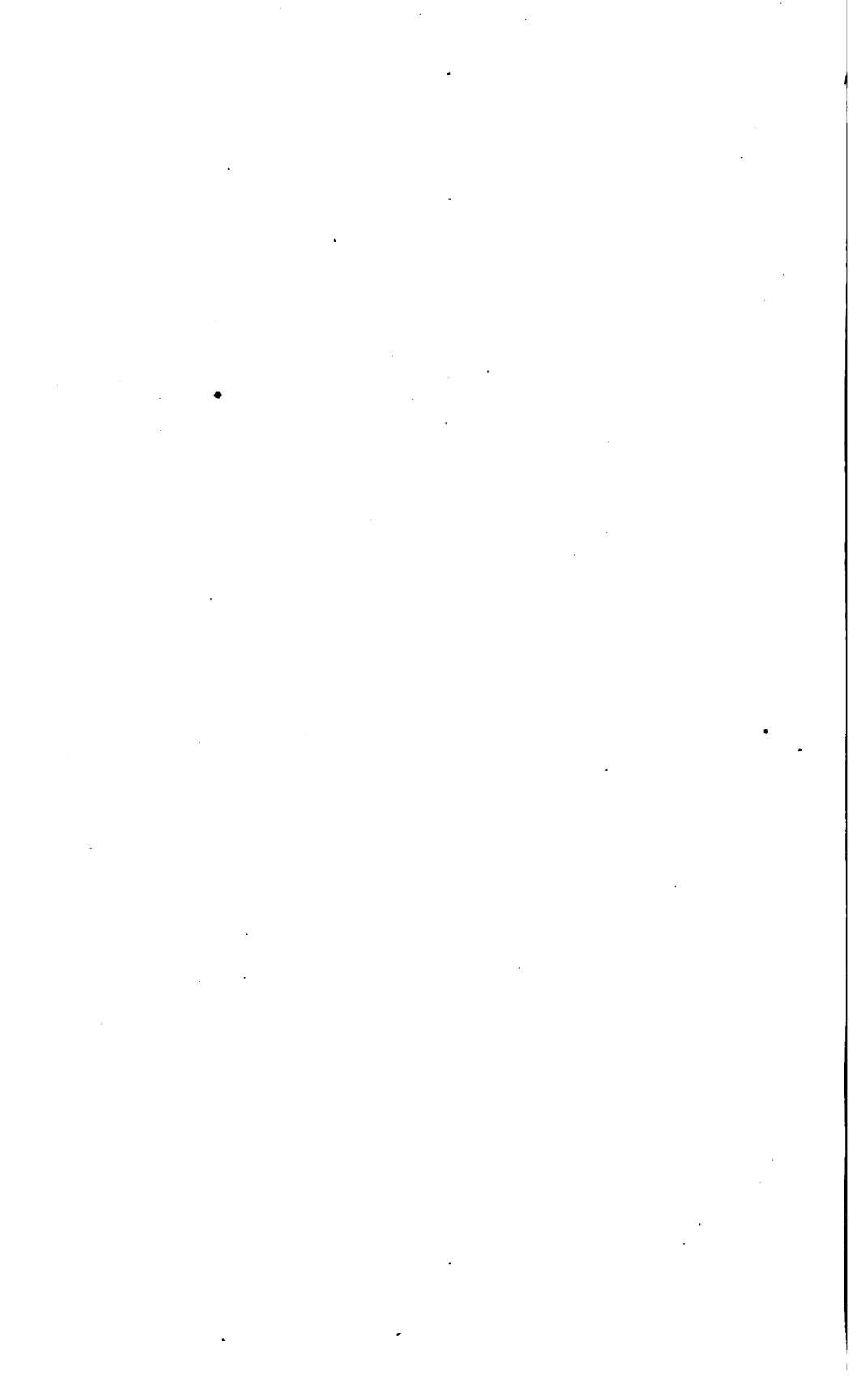
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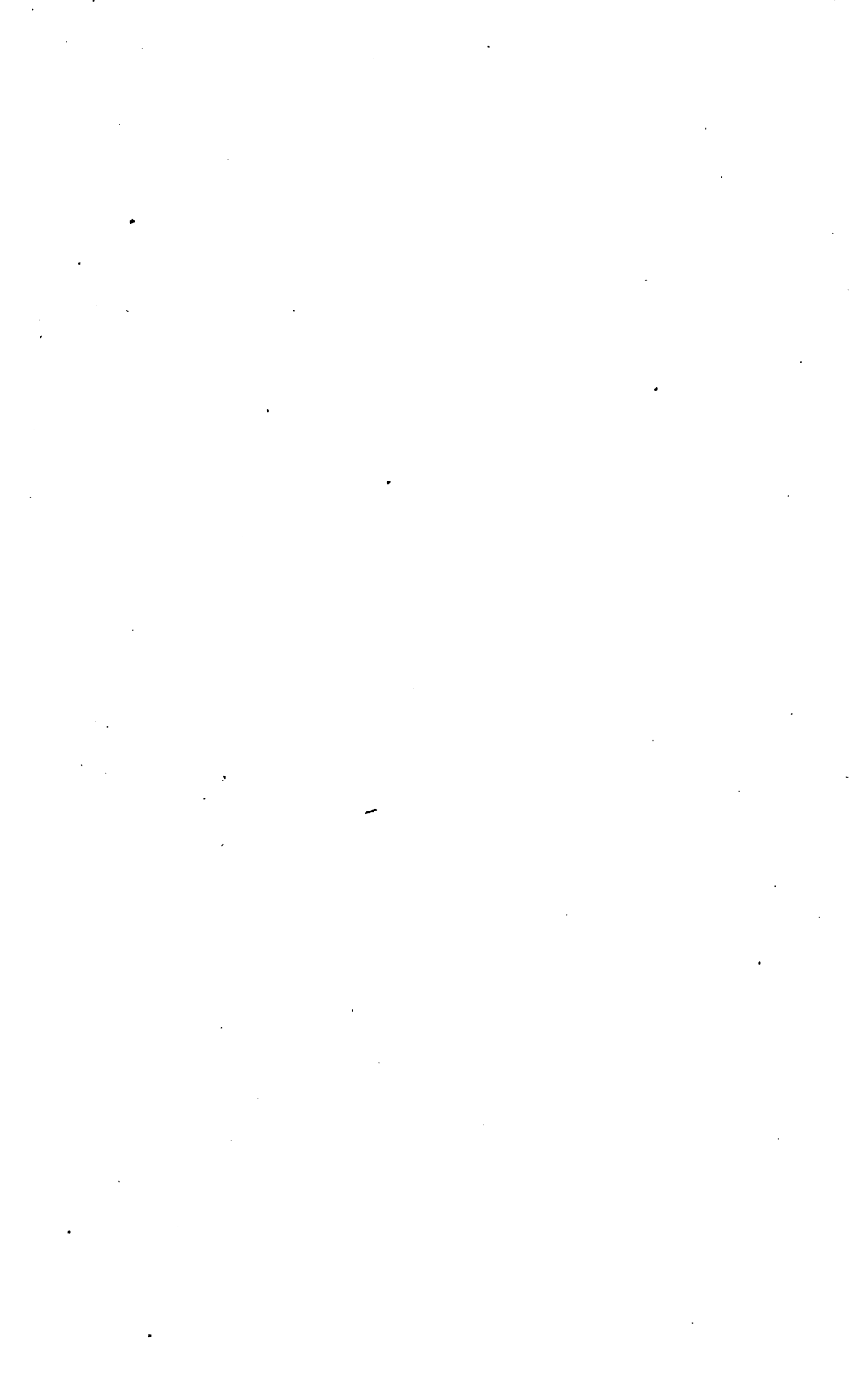
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By PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK.

BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1874.







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SERMON.

It seems but yesterday, though it was forty years ago, that, standing here in the presence of my parishioners, I preached a sermon, the last funeral sermon which I ever preached on this ground, at the interment of a President of Western Reserve College. He had breathed his last at the neighboring Parsonage, and was to be borne, from the house standing on this spot, to the neighboring cemetery. His brother, who is now to be laid by his side, was then in the vigor of his manhood, but was bowed down with fraternal grief. Near him sat Harriet Storrs, who was the ornament of his household, and on that afternoon seemed to be little lower than the angels. Charles Backus Storrs, Harriet Storrs, Richard Salter Storrs have now joined hands again in the family of the Redeemed. Since that tearful afternoon nearly all my old parishioners have passed away. A new generation has come on. I look around and see myself to be a stranger among strangers. "The

grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

One passage of this word, which is recorded in the fifty-ninth chapter and twenty-first verse of the prophecy of Isaiah, is now proposed as a guide for our meditations : —

"AS FOR ME THIS IS MY COVENANT WITH THEM, SAITH THE LORD ; MY SPIRIT THAT IS UPON THEE, AND MY WORDS WHICH I HAVE PUT IN THY MOUTH, SHALL NOT DEPART OUT OF THY MOUTH, NOR OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THY SEED, NOR OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THY SEED'S SEED, SAITH THE LORD, FROM HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER."

I have chosen this text partly because it suggests a favorite thought of him who now lies before us. How often have his parishioners heard him, when pleading in his sermons *with* them, or pleading in his supplications *for* them, utter the subduing words of Jehovah : "Oh that there were such an heart in them that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that *it might be well with them, and with their children forever.*" The chords of his memory were tremulous and sensitive to the touch of this one fact, that the divine word had been put into the mouth of his forefathers, and had not departed out of the mouth of their children and children's children. He loved to think that, according to the constitution

of the race, there are signal advantages resulting from a succession of faithful ministers in one family, making that family like the tribe of Levi.

There are prudential hints which have too much of a domestic character to be printed, and yet are important enough to be repeated in the domestic circle by ministers to their sons who are to be ministers. There are wise proverbs which enter into the table-talk of the parsonage, and are so impressed on the minds of the children as to become regulating principles of their lives, and to make up what is called their ministerial character. The man whose death we now mourn was noted for the clerical type of his virtues. It is difficult to imagine him as adopting that style of manners, or of dress even, which is more consonant with the business of a layman than of a clergyman. His very aspect in the streets, the stores, the parlor, brought us into communion with the clerical spirit. It is true that he did not, like some of the older clergymen, overawe his parishioners by an authoritative aspect; still he did not indulge in undignified familiarity with them, nor did they often, if ever, venture on any appearance of equality with him. They called him their guide, rather than their fellow. They *might* think of him as their brother, but they *did* think of him as their father.

As he felt himself bound up with the divines of former ages, as various families of these divines had come together in forming him, it seemed a second nature for him to love all those who honored the office in which his ancestors had prepared themselves for heaven. He loved to entertain clergymen at his house, and it was common for them to speak of that house as the "minister's paradise." He loved to relieve them in their poverty, to advise them in their doubts, to aid them in their studies, to improve their style of speaking, writing, thinking. Young clergymen have coveted the privilege of supplying his pulpit on the Sabbath, for the sake of enjoying his conversation carried on in low tones at the clergymen's home. He was distinguished as the minister's advocate before Ecclesiastical Councils. When pastors were reproached by their people, it was natural for him to presume that they were reproached without a sufficient reason. Thus his very instincts appeared to be clerical. He believed that the relation between the church and its pastor was radically different from the relation between an insurance company and its president; and when the members of any church had banded together in opposition to their minister, and could assign no other cause than that they were dissatisfied with him, he would exhort them to discipline their own hearts, and to

become satisfied with the man whom they could not prove to be unworthy of them. In some aspects his life abounded with romance and tragedy. There are scenes in it which cannot be described, because they were so much like the fictions of a novelist or tragedian. Yet amid all these scenes, whatever else he was, he was in a marked degree a minister of the New Testament. In this view it is interesting to examine the list of those men whom he rejoiced to own as his ancestors, although, with his wonted humility, he mourned over himself as unworthy of being their descendant. His life cannot be understood apart from the life of his progenitors. It was their history which engraved upon his heart the promise: "*The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.*" It was the history of men rich, not in gold, but in faith and good works, and illustrating the words of Moses: "At that time the Lord separated the tribe of Levi, to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord, to stand before the Lord to minister unto him, and to bless in his name, unto this day;" "wherefore Levi hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren; the Lord is his inheritance, according as the Lord thy God promised him."

On his father's side, his first American progenitor was Rev. Richard Mather. This excellent divine, the

son of Thomas Mather who lived and died in England, was the father of Increase, and the grandfather of Cotton Mather. He was for some time a distinguished member of Brasenose College, Oxford, and there formed the acquaintance of many eminent scholars. The bishop of his diocese entertained a high opinion of him while he was yet a young man. His descendants who have become clergymen are numbered not so well by individuals as by scores. He was for twenty-three years the pastor of the church in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and died at the age of seventy-three.

Eleazer Mather, one of his sons, was the immediate predecessor of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, at Northampton. He was the second American ancestor of Dr. Storrs. He did not attain to the age of his fathers, nor to that of many of his descendants, but after a ministry of eleven years died at the age of thirty-two.

Mr. Mather's daughter, bearing the old family name Eunice, was married to Rev. John Williams, who was the pastor of the church at Deerfield, Massachusetts. She was killed with a hatchet by the Indians, who were then driving her and her husband and children prisoners to Canada. Having survived his imprisonment, Mr. Williams died in his pastorate in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the forty-fourth of his min-

istry. He was the third American ancestor of Dr. Storrs. He was indeed the father and the kinsman of clergymen. More than thirty of his descendants have become pastors of churches. Many of his relatives are enrolled among the more than ninety Williamses who are alumni of Harvard College, and among the more than eighty who are alumni of Yale. One of his kinsmen was the founder of Williams College.

Dr. Storrs' ancestor of the fourth generation was Rev. Eleazer Williams, the eldest son of the Deerfield minister. For thirty-two years he was pastor of the church at Mansfield, Connecticut, and died at the age of fifty-four.*

His daughter Eunice was married to Dr. Shubael Conant, who was the fifth ancestor of Dr. Storrs. He was a descendant of Roger Conant, one of the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay. He, too, began his public life as a minister of the gospel; but afterwards became a civil magistrate, a justice of the peace and the quorum for the county of Windham, Connecticut.

His daughter, keeping up the favorite name Eunice, was married to Dr. Samuel Howe, who was the sixth paternal ancestor of Dr. Storrs. We are rather disappointed in finding that he was not a clergyman. He

* See Sprague's *Annals of the Congregational Pulpit*; also, Allen's *Biographical Dictionary*, Art. Williams; also, *History of the Family of Williams*, pp. 68-69.

was a surgeon in the army that marched against Canada in the year 1759. He died at Montreal, in 1760, of a disease contracted in the camp.

His daughter was married to Rev. John Storrs, the grandfather of our departed friend, and his first clerical ancestor bearing the name of Storrs. He was born at the old family homestead at Mansfield, Connecticut; was graduated at Yale College, 1756; a classmate with Judge Strong, Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, and Dr. John Smalley; was a tutor in college in 1761-2; was ordained pastor in Southold, L. I., in 1763; was chaplain in the army during a part of the Revolutionary war; resigned his pastoral charge in 1787, on account of his impaired health; and died at his birthplace in 1799, aged sixty-five years. Being ardently attached to his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Richard Salter, of Mansfield, Connecticut, he gave to his son the name Richard Salter Storrs. This son was the father of Richard Salter Storrs who has just gone from us, and whose very appellation has a clerical sound. One hundred and ten years ago this name, Richard Salter Storrs, began to shine on the church records. When we hear of a layman called by these three words, we ask: Why was he not a clergyman?

Counting up the years devoted to the Christian ministry of our land by this one line of the ancestors

of Dr. Storrs, and adding the years devoted by himself and his only son to the same work, we find the number of these years to be two hundred and sixty-seven. If we should attempt to add the years spent in the pastorates of our churches by the collateral lines of his father's family, and still further by his ancestors on his mother's side, we should see renewed occasion to reiterate the words which he repeated so often, and are parallel with our text: "*Know, therefore, that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations.*"

The covenant which God has made with the offspring of those who serve him is interwoven sometimes, if not generally, with three facts. The first of them is, that the offspring is like the stock from which it came. The constitution of the child resembles that of the parents. The constitution is darkened by the fall of Adam; but on the dark nature God has written his covenant, as a bow of promise on the cloud. The second fact is, that the parents, of necessity, exert an influence on their offspring, by word and by deed, by slight gestures, by the expression of the eye, the glow of the cheek and the lip; and begin to exert this influence long before the child can make the slightest sign of recognizing it.

The third fact is, that a godly parent chooses godly companions, and receives an influence from them, and this influence is felt by his offspring. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," and his children are moulded by him after he has been moulded by his associates. The children, knowing that their parent held communion with godly men, feel a kind of blood relationship to those men, and become assimilated to them. "The glory of children is their fathers," and the friends who stood with their fathers in the gate. As soon as Dr. Storrs, when but an impressible boy, learned the history of his progenitors, and of the worthies who helped to form the character of his progenitors, he was attracted to the Great Father of them all, whose mercy *"is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to them that remember his commandments to do them."*

The manner in which the character of our departed friend was moulded by his ancestors may appear as we examine more particularly the life of those with whom he came more immediately in contact. As we have thus far confined ourselves to his progenitors on his father's side, let us devote some time to the life of that father himself. The first Richard Salter Storrs was born one hundred and ten years ago, August 30,

1763, at Mansfield, Connecticut. His mother died when he was three years old, and he was therefore educated in the family of his uncle, Rev. Richard Salter, D. D., the pastor of the church in Mansfield. Dr. Salter was an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar, as well as an industrious pastor; he fitted his nephew for college, and afterwards guided his studies in preparation for the gospel ministry. Mr. Storrs united with the church in Mansfield at the age of eighteen, October 15, 1781. He was graduated at Yale College in 1783. He was the Salutatorian of his class, and to this class belonged Judge David Daggett, Gov. John Cotton Smith, Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, and Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse. He was an intimate friend of these men, and was particularly dear to another of his classmates, Rev. Dr. Samuel Austin, President of Burlington College. He was a favorite pupil of Dr. Wales and President Stiles. Such men as these helped to make him what he was, as he helped to make his son what *he* was. In his early journal the father brings us into familiar connection with divines of historic name. Now he writes of hearing Dr. Lockwood preach, and then of hearing Dr. Bellamy, and again of hearing Dr. Jonathan Edwards. The Fourth of July, 1783, which was the seventh anniversary of our Independence, he spent,

he says, "in helping Dr. Jonathan Edwards make hay."

On the seventh of December, 1785, at the age of twenty-two, he was ordained pastor of the church in Longmeadow, Massachusetts. It connects us with by-gone times, almost with the times of romance, to remember, that about three years before he began to preach he had been singled out by his great-uncle, Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, then pastor at Longmeadow, to succeed him in the pastorate; and young Storrs thus entered into the labors of his kinsman, who was the brother-in-law of Davenport, the revivalist; a correspondent of Dr. Coleman, Dr. Cooper, the elder President Edwards, and Gov. Hutchinson; and the man who, at the age of eleven years, had been carried captive, with his father's family, by the Indians, from Deerfield to Canada.

The life of the first Richard Salter Storrs was darkened by a chronic disease. He had been subject, as the son for whom we now mourn, to severe attacks of pain in the head. These attacks occurred once in three weeks through his entire ministry. They never came—it is remarkable that they did not—on the Sabbath. Still they hampered him in his work, and probably abridged his life. He died in his fifty-seventh year, on the third of October, 1819. He had

been an eloquent preacher and a successful pastor nearly thirty-four years.

We all know that our friend who has just been called from us was a reverential observer of the rite of infant baptism, and was wont to plead in defence of the rite, that as the child of pious parents is apt to resemble them in his constitutional tendencies, to be their representative in his mental history, so it is probable that, with a training appropriate to the spirit of the rite, he will acquire a religious character similar to theirs. This argument was perhaps impressed upon him by his own constitutional resemblance to his father. The descriptions which are given of one may be often interchanged with the descriptions given of the other. You would hardly know whether I was describing the father or the son when I should say that he exhibited a brilliant wit, chastened, however, by a pensiveness often merging itself into melancholy; that he had a fondness for hyperbole, which made his private intercourse enlivening, and his public addresses rousing; that the common people of his parish loved him as an affectionate friend, while they feared him as an independent, outspoken reprovcr; that he was ardent in his love to his friends, and they were ardent in their love to him. It is inscribed on the father's monument that he was eminent for "richness and fervor in

social prayer." In this particular, as in others, the inscription on the monument at Braintree may be a copy of that at Longmeadow. Those who listened to the prayers of the Braintree pastor at the installation of his son, in 1846, and also at the dedication of the Plymouth monument, in 1859, are wont to characterize his supplications by the term *seraphic*. Those who have bowed with him around the altar in his own house, are wont to speak of his devotions, not as *communion* so much as *intercommunion* with his Father in heaven.

There are two particulars in which the style of writing, so natural to the father, is almost indistinguishable from the style adopted by the son. Each fell habitually into a self-depreciating train of remark. On his nineteenth birthday, the father wrote: "I have existed eighteen years; I have not lived a single day." When he had finished one of his first sermons he characterized it as "a great many words, but few thoughts, from Matthew 7: 13, 14. It has the [shape], but does not deserve the name; it has the manner, but does not contain the matter, of a sermon." As each wrote in a self-denouncing, so each wrote often in a jubilant strain. Ninety years ago the father of Dr. Storrs penned the following description of the happiness of heaven. While inveighing against the infidel

spirit which was then rampant in New England, and particularly against the error that death is an eternal sleep, he exclaims: —

“For my part (I trust without vain and arrogant presumption) I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur. It pleases me to think that I, who am now surrounded with sorrow and pain, shall be happy myriads of ages hence; that I, who know so small a portion of the works of God, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down this little spot of earth to which I am chained; that I, who possess a capacity sufficient to contain an infinitely greater variety of knowledge than I can possibly attain while here below, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature, shall ere long shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature’s operations, accompany the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, visit the several apartments of creation, know how they are furnished and how they are inhabited, comprehend the order and grasp the theory of these innumerable systems which compose the harmony of the universe. O, how transporting, how ecstatic the idea that I shall live forever, explore worlds of love and pleasure, and triumph in immortal bliss and glory!”

These words were written by Mr. Storrs in his twenty-first year. How little could he then have imagined that almost a century after they were written they would be read at the funeral of his son, a patriarch of more than fourscore years! How little could he have dreamed that when these privately written

words should be first made public he would be united with his first-born child in the heaven which he was describing. *"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation," that "a wise son maketh a glad father," and "the father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice."*

Having now considered a variety of influences which came upon Dr. Storrs from his progenitors on his *father's* side, let us turn to the influences which came upon him from the family of his *mother*. In the formation of his character, perhaps no man exerted a greater power than his maternal grandfather, Rev. Noah Williston, the fifth pastor of the church in West Haven, Conn. His mother was a member of that family of Strong's to which so many eminent ministers have belonged.¹ He was born in Springfield, Mass., in July, 1733; was graduated at Yale College, with its first honors, in 1757, one year after his friend Rev. John Storrs. He was the grandfather not only of the Braintree pastor, but also of the eminent philanthropists, John Payson Williston, of Northampton, and Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, Mass., both of whom have been instrumental in educating scores of

¹ See an account of the Williston family in Dr. Benjamin W. Dwight's "History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong, of Northampton, Mass.," Vol. II, pp. 1151-1153.

Christian ministers.¹ He was ordained at West Haven in June, 1760, and died there Nov. 10, 1811, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the fifty-first of his pastorate. His funeral sermon was preached by his neighbor, Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, of North Haven, Conn. "He was modest and diffident," says the historian.² I do not deny it; but I am confident that he was grave and firm. "He was a man of peculiarly amiable and exemplary conduct," adds the historian. I do not question it. Various histories of him agree in asserting it; but I am sure that, like some other kindly and affectionate men, he was authoritative, and a bishop in his house as well as his diocese. "He had a peculiar attachment to his relatives and friends," adds the historian. I am far from doubting it; but he certainly did not let his principles bend and twist themselves with the sinuosities of personal attachment. Perhaps we cannot obtain a more accurate idea of the manner in which his clerical office affected his domestic life than by quoting a few words from an epistle which he wrote thirteen days after the birth of the grandchild who now lies before us. He thus

¹ Mr. Williston was the great-grandfather of the two brothers, Prof. William Dwight Whitney, of Yale College, and Prof. Josiah Whitney, of Harvard College.

² Dr. Trumbull, in his funeral sermon, pp. 17, 18.

addressed his favorite daughter, who was then clasping her first-born infant to her bosom : —

“What a group, what a cluster of rich mercies you have received from the hand of your all-gracious God ! Are you not amazed and lost in grateful wonder on the receipt of mercies so great, so rich, so unmerited ? . . . Are you not pressed down under a lively sense of God’s abundant goodness ; and crying out in an ecstasy of gratitude, ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits ? Why has my gracious God magnified his mercy towards vile, unworthy me, who deserve not the least crumb that falls from his table ?’ Oh, may your soul magnify the Lord ! May your spirit rejoice in God, your Saviour, who hath holpen you in your distress, and put songs and thanksgivings into your mouth !”

It is easy to criticise the ministerial tone of such a letter, written at such a time ; but strong and stalwart men were fashioned under the regime in which the offices of a teacher were more prominent than the instincts of a father. There were giants in the land in those days. We have fallen on gentler times. There was an extreme of official dignity in our fathers ; but is there not another extreme into which we fall when we allow the smallest child to rule the house, and when his amusement becomes the end and aim of what we call our family discipline ?

Four years after Mr. Williston had thus written to his daughter, he desired that her son should be sent to him, and trained by him as his own child. The

fact that the father of our friend was reared, not at home, but in the family of a relative, may have predisposed him to let his own child be educated away from the parental abode. In those days the request of a father, like Mr. Williston, was a law to his offspring. Submitting to his proposal, the affectionate mother parted with her first-born; and the boy of four years was sent from the home of his parents in Longmeadow to that of his grandparents in West Haven. He remained in that secluded parsonage until he entered college.

At the present day, a letter from Longmeadow to West Haven may be conveyed in four or five hours; but in that day there was only one mail in the week between those towns; the postage was expensive; the minister of Longmeadow, having but a meagre stipend, and that paid in depreciated currency, could not afford a frequent correspondence; the epistles sent to the child were intrusted therefore to private conveyance, and were sometimes three weeks on the way to him; not seldom were lost. For more than ten years the affectionate boy lived thus isolated from his parents, who loved him with a peculiar tenderness; from his brothers and sisters, to whom, as soon as he knew them, he became warmly attached; separated also from nearly all children of his own age; deprived of

nearly all sports; not having so much as heard of many amusements, except those which he could enjoy in solitude; shut up to the society of his grandparents, both of whom had grown out of and beyond the sympathies of children, and one of whom had become a disconsolate invalid. He had by nature a nimble wit, a versatile humor, a readiness of repartee. He might under certain influences have become volatile and frivolous; but, from his early discipline, he acquired a habit of chastened thought and subdued address which was in marked contrast with his natural impetuosity of spirit. He accustomed himself to speak in low tones, which concealed the buoyancy of his temper; in sober, semi-plaintive accents, which hid his befitting playfulness.

Having a delicate, nervous organization, a temperament peculiarly excitable, we might naturally expect that he would as a man be fond of change, perhaps fickle; but those ten years of steady work helped to give him a constancy of purpose, a regularity in toil, an adhesiveness of principle, which made him through life an indefatigable laborer. One might suppose that such a man as he would do his work by impulse, — when he pleased, where he pleased, as he pleased, just as the inspiration came upon him, — at dead of night, in a fever heat. But in the house of his grandfather

he learned to be punctual and regular,¹ to take up his burdens with an indomitable perseverance, even if he took them up with what men call a dead-lift. Few men so intense have been so systematic as he. One would suppose that the rigidity of his early education would have made him austere. In his more active life, he had a kind of austerity; but, in his riper manhood, the leaves of the sturdy oak were mellowed with the soft hues of autumn; and, in his later years, his very aspect has reminded us of a rich October forest. The tree that struggles with the early winters gains a strength which ends in beauty.

One might infer that a boy of his excitable temperament would have recalcitrated against the discipline through which he passed on the Sabbath day. Of this discipline he writes:—

“It was the practice of Rev. Mr. Williston to read his sermons aloud, before preaching them, in his family circle; then to inquire of each individual how far they understood them, and make such explanations and comments as were suggested by the answers he received. This was done both morning and noon; and then an hour was set apart before tea for a general review of all the services of

¹ “In pastoral visitation he [Mr. Williston] was abundant, devoting the first four week-days hardly less faithfully to this department of duty than the two remaining days to his preparation for the pulpit. The ministry was his whole business; bodily exercise, everything else, was made conducive to this great end of his life.”—Letter of Dr. Storrs, quoted in Rev. E. Colton’s *Historical Discourse*, delivered at West Haven, p. 26.

the day. And here let it be recorded with gratitude, that he made it an invariable rule to have the younger members of the family read aloud several chapters of the Bible every day, for his own edification and their improvement, both morning and evening ; the rule never being violated, unless in consequence of rare interruptions by company from abroad ; the coming in of his parishioners not being allowed to interfere at all with the established arrangement ; and these readings were rarely unaccompanied by appropriate and earnest religious instruction. He was more abundant, if not more engaging, in domestic religious instruction than the head of any other family in which my lot was ever cast ; and the result must not be overlooked. His two sons became ministers ; and his two daughters the wives of ministers. No young person, so far as known, ever passed months in his family, as a member of it, without becoming hopefully pious while there, or very soon after, — not only pious, but intelligently so."

Dr. Storrs believed, that, if this discipline was appropriate in a former age, and for some individuals, it needs to be mitigated in the present age, and for different individuals. His mother was often buoyant, and even ecstatic, under a regimen *similar* to that which ground him down at West Haven. In his maturer life he retained the agate of his grandfather's Puritanism, but polished it, and made it a gem. A Sabbath at the Braintree parsonage was an institution. It was a day of silent footsteps, of subdued voices, of serene thought, of memorable prayers. It reminded the

guest of the social suppers given by Plato, of which it was said : " They afforded a *feast* the next day."

Again, one would suppose that, enthusiastic and mercurial as he was, young Storrs would have derived from his early education a dread of solitary life, and would have preferred the din and bustle of a town to the noiseless, monotonous routine of a rural parish. Exactly the reverse. As the young tree, growing among rocks, accommodates itself to its locality, so did the weeping boy learn to love the very seclusion which at first restrained his versatile energies. To be a " country minister" was his joy.

We must admit that he inherited not only a tendency to wit and humor, but also to occasional gloom. This liability to depression of spirit was aggravated by the stern life of his boyhood. In his eighty-second year, he said : " I cannot tell the heart-sobblings and tears that darkened my weary days and nights " at West Haven ; and the shadows of that painful regimen hung over him to the last. Both in his earlier and later years, he indulged himself in a habit of self-denunciation, and seemed unable to find adjectives nervous enough for expressing his self-abhorrence. While I feel that my words of praise are unworthy of him, I know that he would feel unworthy of any words, except those of disparagement, to be spoken at this hour. He was

wont to say, "I might have had some vivacity in my constitution, if it had not been pressed down and ground out of me by the stern rules of my grandfather; still, had it not been for that severe tutelage, I should have become wild and ungovernable." Ill-adapted as that regimen was to his peculiar temperament, it yet became the genesis of an important class of his virtues. Of him, as of his Master, it may be said: "He learned obedience by the things that he suffered."

When, in 1859, the old house which had been used as a parsonage at West Haven a hundred and thirteen years was about to be demolished, a sermon was preached from Psalm lxxviii, 1-7, in reference to the event. One part of that text might have been selected for the basis of the present discourse: "*For He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel; which He commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.*" In the "southwest chamber" of that house, Dr. Storrs supposed that he first consecrated himself to his Redeemer. In the "large front room" on the lower floor, Mr. Williston often met

his friends of the New Haven *East*, and also of the New Haven *West* Association. Dr. Storrs has repeatedly described the following incident, as occurring in that "large front room," and as having exerted a memorable influence over his own life. Miss Hannah Kimberly, a particular friend of Mr. Williston, and a member of his church, had received from her brothers, who were seamen, various presents, amounting in all to about ten dollars. She brought the coin in gold to her pastor, and requested him to expend it in "spreading the gospel among the destitute." He did not know exactly how to fulfil her wish; and he therefore laid the subject before an Association of ministers, who met in that "large front room." Then and there, according to Dr. Storrs, was first suggested the plan which resulted in the formation of the "Missionary Society for the State of Connecticut." Mr. Williston had been a member of what is now called the New Haven *East* Association from 1760 until May, 1787. At that time he united with his friends, Dr. Jonathan Edwards, Professor Samuel Wales, and others, in forming the New Haven *West* Association. As soon as this Association was instituted, in 1787, it appointed Mr. Williston to labor as a missionary among the destitute settlements of Vermont. He then rode on horseback to those settlements, "when no other person

could be found to venture on so novel and untried an experiment." He spent four months in this tour; and three years afterwards, in 1790, he spent four months in another tour, for the same object, in the same region, under an appointment of the same Association. In 1788, only one year after this Association was formed, it presented an Address to the General Association of Connecticut, for the purpose of recommending some combined missionary action of the Connecticut churches. Ten years afterward, in 1798, the State Missionary Society was formed. In 1799, the Massachusetts Missionary Society was established. Probably the Connecticut enterprise had an influence in hastening the Massachusetts enterprise, as the latter had an important influence in hastening the establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.¹

In allusion to the West Haven pastor's early efforts

¹ In the "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of Connecticut," page 308, it is said that "the beginning of the modern missionary work by the churches of this country" was made by the Hartford North Association, Oct. 7, 1788, when Mr. Perkins of West Hartford was requested to go for ten weeks as a missionary to Vermont. But on page 327 of the same volume, we read that Mr. Williston went on a similar mission in 1787. According to Dr. Storrs, he went in the summer of that year. — See Emmons's Works, Vol. I, pp. 181-183, Ed. 1861. See also pages 12 and 13 of "A Semi-centennial Discourse, delivered before the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society in Boston, May 29, 1849. By Richard S. Storrs, D. D., Pastor of the First Church, Braintree."

in this sphere, Dr. Trumbull says:¹ "Mr. Williston was a zealous promoter of missions to the new settlements; was one of the first missionaries who went to preach to their destitute inhabitants, and is said to be one of the first who suggested the idea of forming a missionary society." Dr. Storrs has written: "Mr. Williston's love and zeal for missions knew no bounds. He read and re-read every missionary publication he could lay his hands on; and, not satisfied with this, he prevailed on others to read them too; [he] talked of them everywhere, preached them, and prayed for missions 'as if his soul were on fire.' It might be truly said of him, the zeal of missions ate him up." As soon as the Connecticut Missionary Society was formed, his kinsman, Rev. Dr. Seth Williston, was appointed, and began to labor, as one of its missionaries. In 1805, Rev. Dr. Payson Williston, the elder son of the West Haven pastor, left his parish for a time and labored as a domestic missionary. The younger son, Rev. David Howe Williston, worked also in the home missionary field. Many other facts like these indicate that home missions formed the table-talk of the house in which Dr. Storrs was trained,—the theme to which he attended morning, noon, and evening. He was

¹ In his Funeral Sermon, p. 18.

wont to say, that his chief amusements consisted in "bearing well-filled baskets of eatables" from the parsonage to the destitute families of the parish, and in listening to the stories of the home missionaries. Hence, with his tenacity of old usages, the cause of home missions became the engrossing interest of his manhood. To this more than to any other object, except his own parish, he devoted the energies of his life. Before I had *read* his description, which I have just quoted, of his grandfather's missionary zeal, I had *written* a description almost exactly similar of his own zeal, which began to be manifested before he had reached his twentieth year, and continued to be manifested after he had passed his threescore years and ten. What is learned in the cradle lasts to the grave. The good work which is begun by one generation is carried forward by the generations that come after it. As he drew near to the end of life, Dr. Storrs was interested in the fact that his only son had been for twenty-six years an officer, and that his nephew, who was trained as an own son in the Braintree parsonage, had become one of the secretaries, of the American Home Missionary Society,¹—an institution to which his

¹ Rev. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, Jr., has been since 1847 a director, and since 1853 a member of the executive committee; and Rev. Dr. Henry Martyn Storrs is one of the three secretaries, of the A. H. M. S.

ancestor had given, if an indirect, still an important as well as an early impulse.¹

That single ancestor of Dr. Storrs! One descendant of Noah Williston has founded the Williston Academy, at East Hampton, and made princely donations to Amherst (which has been a missionary) College. Another descendant of Mr. Williston has been a pioneer in civil and social reforms, and has been munificent, although secret, in his charities to schools, particularly to schools for training home missionaries. Another descendant became himself a missionary in a western State, a professor and president of a western college, and such a pioneer in the efforts for liberating the southern slaves that the poet Whittier, in a funeral ode,² addresses him thus:—

“Thou hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord.”

There are other descendants who have breathed a kindred spirit with the man whom we bury this afternoon, the man who has long been called “a father to the missionary churches of New England.”

¹ Before the funeral of Dr. Storrs, the preceding paragraph was written *substantially* as now printed. Since the funeral some details have been added, in consequence of the author's having read “A Discourse, Historical, of West Haven, of the Congregational Church, and of the Old Parsonage. By Rev. E. Colton. Delivered in West Haven, April 3 1857, and on the eve of demolishing the old Home of the Prophets.” These details, quoted from Mr. Colton's discourse, have been often repeated by Dr. Storrs and substantiated by his early contemporaries.

² Whittier's Poems, Household Edition, pp. 133, 134.

If that ancestor of Dr. Storrs were living to-day, he would be a hundred and forty years old. He was only two years younger than the first President of the United States, and was only one year older than the second President. But you and I have received a personal influence from the pastor of Braintree; and the pastor of Braintree received some of his earliest influences from that patriarch of West Haven: so that indirectly your and my character has been affected, and the character of this entire parish and many another parish has been moulded, by that one rural pastor who lived wellnigh a century and a half ago. So true it is that one generation is linked with the generation that comes after it; one age overlaps another. So true it is that many a Puritan divine, who sleeps in a rustic burial-ground, is yet living in the energy of his children's children, and fulfilling the promise made by the Majesty of Heaven: "*Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established forever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven.*"

We have now considered a variety of influences which helped to form the character of Dr. Storrs. One of these tempered every other. We may derive some new views of him from contemplating the pecu-

liarities of his mother, who exerted through life a marked influence on the son. Sarah Williston, eldest daughter of Rev. Noah Williston, was born at West Haven on the 14th of June, 1765. She was the first cousin of Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, Me. When I have listened to the eloquence of Dr. Storrs in the familiar conference, I have felt the internal proof that he was of the tribe and lineage of Payson, and that, in spirit as well as body, the two preachers were of kith and kin. We have seen how irksome the regimen of Mr. Williston, when an aged man, was to the impulsive boy, Richard Salter Storrs; let us now see how delightful the tutelage of Mr. Williston, when in the prime of life, was to the mother of that boy. She loved the place where every day was like a Sabbath. She found pure enjoyment in the singing of the birds, and the blossoms of the trees. When a young girl, she wrote: "I would not exchange this sweet retirement for a palace adorned with the most costly furniture. I almost believe myself the happiest of my sex. Our own dear family, where all are joined in seeking one common good, careful to promote each other's happiness,—how sweet, how enchanting the sight of such a family!" But while the pastor's daughter was enamored, like a nun, with the solitude and serene ways of the parsonage, and while she loved

to be alone in her garden or in her still chamber, she was yet fond of social intercourse, especially with devout and intelligent friends. She found delight in conversing with Dr. Bellamy and Dr. Trumbull. In her journal she often speaks of Dr. Stiles as "our good President," "our worthy President," "our dear President." Her elder brother, afterwards Rev. Dr. Payson Williston, was a college classmate of Dr. Morse, the geographer, and of David Daggett, the jurist; and she was particularly intimate with these two students in their youth. Her younger brother, Rev. David Howe Williston, was a college classmate with Dr. Asahel Backus, Christopher Ellery, and Gideon Granger. Many students and professors of the college, living only three miles and a half from this quiet parsonage, passed many happy hours in it. But she found more constant friends in the great authors. She was familiar with the religious poets who then edified the churches. She sympathized with the memoir of Brainerd, devoted herself to the writings of Alleine, and was wont to speak of her "dear Dr. Doddridge." She found books also in the running brooks; she loved to see God in the varying aspects of the skies. If a shower of rain was falling, she wrote, "Oh for a shower of Divine influences on my heart!" And, when she saw the northern lights, she thought of the

Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven. *Jehovah* was her nearest and dearest friend. She was penetrated with those exalted views of the Most High which characterized that age of great divines. "I have longed," she writes, "to be torn and broken, to be made anything and nothing, that the blessed God might be glorified. At some seasons I have felt willing to be disposed of in life or death as infinite wisdom saw fit. The will of God has appeared to me of such importance that [the whole] creation must rejoice to submit to it, and see its beauty and propriety."

It must be confessed that this beautiful woman was characterized by an awe of *Jehovah*, rather than by an habitual hope of his especial grace to her; by a submissive, penitent spirit, rather than by a daily joy in her own future blessedness; by sympathizing with the sorrows of others, rather than by mingling with their pleasures. But, although naturally despondent, she often rose to an ecstasy of delight in her Maker. When thirty years of age, after a dangerous illness, she wrote, —

"I have this day been allowed a seat in God's house and a place at his table. He has shined in such a manner upon my soul as perfectly transported me, especially in receiving the wine. I have long been pleading for a sealed pardon, — a clean, white robe, and white raiment; and if he had been there in person, and told me

with his own mouth, and confirmed it by an oath, that these my desires were granted, I could not have been more sure. The ordinance, somehow, was enough, — a sufficient testimony or pledge. I cannot express the gratitude, the joy, the amazement, the astonishment of my soul on a view of his grace, condescension, and mercy in this blessed institution, this plan of atonement! I longed to fulfil my part of the covenant. I longed to *live* holiness, to feel it and act it out, in every breath and thought. Oh that love! let it ever and forever constrain me to love; let Thy grace, O blessed God, be sufficient! Subdue, captivate, regulate, mortify, and break in pieces as Thou pleasest; only effect the work! I cannot be denied; and Thou wilt not deny me. I am sure Thy word has gone forth: 'He that believeth shall be saved.' I can appeal to Thine omniscience, and believe Thy promise. I know that 'strait is the gate and narrow is the way' that leads to life, and 'few there be that find it.' But, glory to God! I hope I am one of *that* number. This ardent love, this longing of the soul after perfect enjoyment, is a full testimony to myself that he will enlighten the dark valley, and bid me a joyful welcome into his presence on high! Oh that state, that world! I cannot but *now* join your chorus! How sweet are your employments! Eternity! Eternity! Oh delightful thought! always wrapped up and growing in the knowledge of the great Jehovah. Oh blessed, blessed work! This is my God; and He will be my portion forever."

Such was the rhapsody of the woman who, in the person of her son, has preached for more than half a century to this favored town. As was said of Anthusa, the mother of Chrysostom: "She was the parent of his mind and heart."

The three great events in the life of Mrs. Storrs were, her uniting with the church on the 27th of January, 1783; her teaching a school in 1784; and her marriage to Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow, on the 12th of October, 1785. She was then in her twenty-first year. After her marriage, she became the endeared friend of Dr. Lathrop, pastor of West Springfield, Massachusetts; and of Dr. Charles Backus, the noted theologian, of Somers, Connecticut. It was in honor of Dr. Backus that she named her son, who now lies interred in your cemetery, Charles Backus Storrs. As she had made the parsonage of West Haven an attraction to ministers of the gospel, so she made the parsonage of Longmeadow their home. It is an interesting fact, that, when her eldest son built his house in Braintree, he modelled it after his mother's house in Longmeadow; and he arranged it so that it might be, like hers, a resting-place for the pilgrims to the better land.

Having lived with her husband twelve years and three months, she died on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of January, 1798, at nine o'clock in the evening, at the age of thirty-two years and seven months. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Charles Backus. It is now seventy-five years since her first-born child ceased to hear her voice; but it was not till his

dying day that he ceased to tell of '*the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice,*' and to repeat the prayer of Solomon in the temple: "*Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, who keepest covenant and mercy with Thy servants that walk before Thee with all their heart.*"¹

While we are looking at the portrait of the mother, we detect many lineaments of the son. It was the effort of his life to combine in himself her loving, tender, gentle spirit with the energy and impetuosity which he had received from his father. He blended her devotional, imaginative, rapturous mind with his

¹ For the character of Mrs. Sarah Storrs, see Dr. Trumbull's sermon at the funeral of Rev. Noah Williston, Dr. Backus's sermon at her own funeral, and "Memoirs" of her in the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, Vol. I, pp. 34-36.

On the blank leaf of his mother's favorite copy of the Bible, which he had preserved with religious care, Dr. Storrs wrote the following letter to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Williston Billings, wife of Col. C. E. Billings:—

"This Bible was the pocket companion of *Sally Williston*, previous to her marriage. After her death my honored father gave it to me. It has been my richest treasure, and preserved me from ten thousand perils.

"Thanks to heaven for a Godly ancestry! Oh, had the remembrance of a father's instructions, and a mother's tears and prayers, not attended me everywhere, I had been lost,—lost forever!

"Will a beloved sister preserve this volume while she lives, in remembrance of a mother's piety, and an elder brother's undying love.

"And when you, dear sister, lay aside the body, and go home to Jesus, leave this same treasure to the beloved daughter that bears a mother's and a grandmother's name.

"We meet in heaven, dear sister. Farewell.

R. S. S."

grandfather's resolute determination to discharge all his duties punctually. The desponding temper of his father was fortified by the rigid faithfulness of his grandfather, and beautified by the submissive temper of his mother. Indeed, his was a costly soul. The riches of many saints were garnered into it. It was adorned with the virtues of ancient as well as modern worthies. For years we have looked upon him as a relic of past generations, and have listened to his words as waifs from the age of the Bellamys and the Edwardses. When we have grasped his hand, we have linked ourselves with men whom our parents in their childhood regarded as historical. When we bear him to the grave, we bear one in whom are to be buried the treasures of by-gone ages. It will seem as if, in our slow and sad procession, we are encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses, who took this patriarch by the hand when he was a boy, and led him into the path through which he guided so many of you when you were children.

Our friend was born at Longmeadow, Massachusetts, on the 6th day of February, 1787. Only four days before his birth, his mother, terrified by Shay's Rebellion, which was then raging around Longmeadow, wrote to her parents: "Oh, my parents, could we have reached West Haven or Mansfield without real dan-

ger, last Wednesday would have transported us there."

The interest which Dr. Storrs felt in his *first* birth was far less than in his second birth. This occurred in his fifteenth year. He had borrowed of a friend "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," but had kept it hidden in his trunk; he did not dare to read it, for he feared that it would result in the renewal of his heart. On one Sabbath morning, however, three months after he had borrowed the volume, he was goaded on by his conscience to a perusal of the dreaded pages. He read the first chapter, and was deeply impressed by it. He struggled under the severe law-work which in the olden time preceded the Christian's peace. He concealed his anguish as long as he could, but at length Mr. Williston, in whose family young Storrs then resided, became aware of his painful convictions. The grandfather at once conversed and prayed with the grandchild. On the next day, a ministerial conference was held in a neighboring town. Mr. Williston was obliged to attend the conference. He usually spent two days at such a meeting. At this meeting, however, he spent but one day. His solicitude for the welfare of his adopted son brought him back at evening. On that evening, August 10, 1802, the sensitive spirit of the young sufferer began

to receive the relief and the joy of the Christian hope.¹

At that time he was preparing for college, with Mr. Williston as his teacher. In the autumn of 1802 he entered the Sophomore class of Yale. He was then fifteen years old, more than ten of which he had spent in close proximity to the college. He was, of course, known to the officers, and was received by President Dwight with marked cordiality. Among his college contemporaries were Drs. Gardiner Spring, Heman Humphrey, Ezra Stiles Ely, John Pierpont, Abel McEwen, Bennet Tyler, Bishop Gadsden, and John C. Calhoun. Professors Kingsley and Stuart were tutors, but not of his class. At New Haven he became a prey to a deep mental depression. It was occasioned by a severe dyspepsia, a disease of which he had then not even heard the name. He was compelled to leave the institution at the close of his first year, and seek relief in the exercises of the field. He repaired to his home in Longmeadow. Under the sweet and saintly influence of his father and step-mother, amid his affectionate intercourse with his brothers and sisters,

¹ "It seems to me a rather noteworthy coincidence that his supposed conversion, on the tenth of August, 1802, should have antedated his death just seventy-one years and one day." [*Rev. E. P. Tenney.*] A similar coincidence was noticed by Dr. Storrs in the history of his mother, whose entrance into the visible church was precisely fifteen years before her entrance into heaven.

he regained his buoyancy and strength. He remained out of college three years. During the winter of 1803-4, he taught a school in West Suffield, Connecticut. He boarded in the different families of the district, and learned for the first time how laymen lived. He spent the months between May and December, 1804, in teaching a school at Longmeadow, boarding with the parents to whom his spirit turned like the needle which has been forcibly held back from the pole. During the winter of 1804-5, he taught a school in West Haven, living again in his old home with his grandfather Williston. While thus engaged he met at the parsonage Rev. Lyman Beecher, then a pastor at East Hampton, Long Island. Mr. Beecher had been himself prepared for college by Mr. Williston, and he naturally felt an interest in Mr. Williston's adopted son, with whom as a child he had been well acquainted. He invited young Storrs, then eighteen years old, to become a teacher in Clinton Academy at East Hampton. Mr. Storrs accepted the invitation. He became the instructor of the now well-known Dr. Edward Beecher. He resided sixteen months in Dr. Lyman Beecher's household. Here an entirely new set of influences came over him. He learned some lessons which were useful to him through life.¹

¹ "Earnest piety and chaste humor," writes Dr. Storrs, "music and instructive conversation, regular inmates and visiting friends from all

Some habits which would have been useful to him he had the opportunity, but failed, to acquire. He might have saved himself from many pains of body, if he had gained some of Dr. Beecher's fondness for the gun and the row-boat. But no. His habits of uniform industry and of clerical staidness had been fixed in the house of Mr. Williston, and he never allowed the fishing tackle or the violin to rival the axe and the saw as a source of his enjoyment.

While employed in teaching the academy at East Hampton, our friend was also pursuing the studies of the college course. In 1806 he returned to Yale. All the classes which had been there with him had now been graduated. The classes which he found there on his return were strangers to him. He felt like a bird flown back to a forsaken nest. Seeing him lonely and dispirited, Professor, afterwards President, Davis advised him to leave Yale for Williams College. He

quarters, animated discussions on theological subjects, on the history of the past, the prospects of the future, as well as on passing events, furnished a perpetual feast for the immortal mind." "Often was Dr. Beecher heard to say, that he was more indebted to [his wife] Roxanna, for any skill in dialectics and any power in preaching, than to Dr. Dwight his President, and all his instructors." [Quoted by Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D. D., in the "Congregationalist" newspaper.] Dr. Storrs derived a life-long benefit from the always free, and often severe, criticisms of Mrs. Beecher upon her husband's discourses.

took the advice, and entered the senior class at Williams. His father was a friend of President Fitch, and the son immediately felt at home with the President. Here he formed a confidential friendship with his classmate, Rev. John Nelson, D. D., of Leicester, Massachusetts. Fifty years after their graduation, the two classmates renewed their correspondence, and became young again in their intimacy. Dr. Nelson has described his friend as distinguished, when in college, for his impetuous but impressive elocution, and for such a vehemence of enthusiasm as raised a doubt whether he should venture into an office so exciting as that of a clergyman. His position as a scholar was not so high as it would have been had his health, been more vigorous, and his college course less interrupted. It was, however, so high that, although he spent only his senior year at Williams, and was in a class of twenty men older than himself, yet he was appointed at the close of the year to take part in a forensic disputation on Commencement Day, 1807 and to take part in the literary exercises on the evening before that day. His vivacity of thought, his glowing emotion, his electric tones of voice, all, combined as they were with his attenuated frame, awakened a peculiar interest among his hearers.¹

¹ Manuscript of Dr. Nelson.

Soon after his graduation, being then twenty years of age, he repaired to Bridgehampton, on Long Island, and there, as the phrase was, "studied divinity" with Rev. Dr. Aaron Woolworth. He instructed the children of Dr. Woolworth, resided for a whole year in his family, and retained through life the influence which he received from that disciple of our great divines. A half-century after he left that teacher, he wrote: "Not even a father's house could inspire more of confidence, freedom, and affection than filled the heart of his [Dr. Woolworth's] pupil." Both the teacher and the pupil were natives of the same town, and the teacher had felt a peculiar attachment to the scholar when a small child. We see that here, as well as elsewhere, young Storrs came under the power of our noted men. Dr. Woolworth studied theology with Dr. Levi Hart, of Preston, Connecticut, and was the son-in-law of the celebrated revivalist, Dr. Samuel Buel, who was an intimate friend of President Edwards. Both Dr. Hart and Dr. Buel were favorite companions of Dr. Samuel Hopkins and Dr. Bellamy; and Dr. Woolworth held all these divines in high veneration.

It was pre-eminently under these influences that young Storrs learned those methods of conducting a religious revival, which he pursued through his whole

pastoral life. The "measures" of Edwards and Buel, into which he had been early initiated, he preferred to the "new measures" which some would have imagined to be more congenial with his ardent and restless temperament. "The old is better," — this was his maxim in regard to the pastoral, as well as to the doctrinal system of the past, as compared with the present age.

After he had pursued his theological studies seven or eight months, he was licensed to preach at Southhold, Long Island, by the Suffolk Presbytery. He then delivered several discourses at Smithtown, and afterwards at Islip, on Long Island. His discourses awakened at once a general religious interest. They seemed to be the means of a radical change in the spiritual character of about thirty persons. He was urgently invited to remain as a pastor in each of these places; but he resisted these and other importunate calls, and entered Andover Theological Seminary in the month of May, 1809.

He remained in the Seminary three terms and a half, nearly two years. He was successful, as well as diligent in his studies, and secured the high regard of Dr. Pearson, Dr. Griffin, and especially of his life-long friend, Dr. Woods. These were his three professors; ¹ and among the students, with whom he maintained

Professor Stuart was not inaugurated at Andover until February 28, 1810, and was not a teacher of Mr. Storrs.

an intimate fellowship, were the three missionaries, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, and Gordon Hall. In spirit he was himself a missionary. He had been trained for one. He once said, "My honored father, with all his strong parental affection, would gladly have yielded to the call of Heaven, had it summoned every child he had to labor in the darkest spots of Christendom, or in the wilds of Paganism."

Soon after young Storrs had closed his studies at Andover, he sailed, a fellow-passenger with the Rev. Samuel Whelpley, the author of the "Triangle," to the State of Georgia, and labored six months there as an agent of the American Education Society. He preached with his wonted fervor, which was then, as afterwards, more of the Southern than of the Northern type, in Savannah, Lexington, Athens, Milledgeville, Eatonton, Louisville, Madison, Greensborough, and Waynesborough. Some of these churches became importunate that he should accept calls to remain with them as their pastor. One of them offered him a salary, and made him promises, indicating a very uncommon degree of attachment to him. The enthusiasm of some individuals in his behalf was romantic; too much so for any but the most private narrative. Their tears and entreaties moved him. He informed his friends that he had pledged himself to the pastorate of a

church in Braintree. They deemed it his duty to release himself from his pledge. Their Presbytery met, and appointed a committee for pleading with the church in Braintree in favor of his release. In the year 1818, when enfeebled in health, he revisited the scenes of his youthful toil, and was received there with unabated affection. He formed an acquaintance with several statesmen, such as Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, and Judge Berrien, of Georgia; but his chief delight was in the fervent Christians with whom he labored in the Lord. It was his especial solace to hold intimate communion, during his second pilgrimage to the South, with the missionary, Pliny Fisk, to whom his heart was knit as the heart of David to Jonathan.

You perceive that I have omitted one of the chief incidents of his life. Mr. Storrs regarded his connection with the First Church of Braintree as the result of a special Providence. In the summer of 1810, the church, having been long destitute of a pastor, requested Professor Griffin, of Andover, to send a candidate who would unite the discordant parties in the town. Dr. Griffin recommended four men, then students at the Seminary, and since known as Dr. and Prof. Jonathan Cogswell, Dr. Hooper Cumming, Rev. Sylvester Selden, and Richard Salter Storrs.

Mr. Storrs, having pledged himself to a kind of missionary work in Georgia, refused to preach as a candidate in Braintree. A substitute was found for him in Samuel Nott, afterwards a missionary in Bombay, and a companion of Adoniram Judson. On a certain Saturday, Mr. Nott had made all his arrangements to visit Braintree, and to preach here on the next day; but at noon, while splitting wood in the cellar of Phillips Hall, his hat fell from his head, then his axe fell upon his hat, and cut such a hole in it as made it unfit to wear. He hastened to the room of his friend Storrs, and said: "One thing is plain, I cannot go to Braintree; you must go in my stead."—"To relieve you," said Mr. Storrs, "I will go." That one word fixed his destiny for life.¹ "Through that slit in a hat," he was wont to say, "I passed into my half-century pastorate." An equinoctial storm was raging; but Mr. Storrs took the horse and chaise which had been provided for Mr. Nott, and rode thirty-two miles to this town. On the next day, which he describes as "the stormiest Sabbath of the September equinox," he entered the Braintree pulpit for the first time. The weather was so disagreeable that he found but a small audience in the pews. This little band, however, was overwhelmed by the storm of his eloquence. Through

¹ The preceding narrative is substantially taken from a MS. letter of Dr. Storrs.

life he was remarkable for his independence of his hearers. Be they many or few, he lived in his subject, and often rose higher with it in the presence of a small auditory than of a large one. On that equinocial Sabbath, if the old tradition be correct, his voice rivalled the thunder in power, and his thoughts were like the lightning in brilliancy. On Monday the whole parish had heard of him. They became actually clamorous that he should supply the pulpit again. He was at first resolute in declining; but, as only three weeks were to intervene before he was to leave Massachusetts for Georgia, he consented to let the people hear him three Sabbaths more.

The people had already listened to twenty or thirty candidates, and were so far demoralized that it was difficult to unite them on any one. But they became a unit in regard to him. In despite of his remonstrances and protestations, they gave him a formal call to become their pastor. They sent a special messenger to him at Longmeadow, and at last convinced him that the finger of Providence pointed to him as their minister. He deferred his ordination until he should carry out his missionary project in Georgia. He desired that his pulpit in the interim should be supplied by his friend, Gordon Hall, the missionary to India. The parish complied with his desire. In the spring

of 1811, the time came for his ordination. He insisted on deferring it for a full month, in order that the reasons for his taking the pastorate of the church in Georgia might be presented before the ordaining Council. The letter containing these reasons was written by his particular friend, Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock, of Savannah. It was signed by several other members of the Georgia Presbytery. By a singular providence the letter was lost at Braintree. The Council heard *of* it, but did not hear it or see it. They deemed it their duty not to wait for it, and proceeded to the ordination on the third of July, 1811. That day was noted as the warmest which had been experienced for many years. The Introductory Prayer at the ordination was offered by Rev. Jonathan Strong, D. D., of West Randolph; the sermon was preached by Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow; the consecrating prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Niles, of Abington; the charge to the pastor was given by the Moderator of the Council, Rev. Mr. Williams, of South Weymouth; the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Jacob Norton, of North Weymouth, who afterwards became a Unitarian; the concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Gile, of Milton. All these pastors have gone, some of them went more than a half-century ago, to their graves. The seventy members form-

ing this church at that time, twenty men and fifty women, have also passed on. Since that time four hundred and twenty-two persons have been admitted to the church; four hundred and eighty have been baptized; four hundred and twenty-seven marriages, and seven hundred and thirty-six funerals have been attended in the parish; and there have been six, perhaps we may say seven, periods of religious revival.

A man of Dr. Storrs' mercurial temperament may be easily imagined to have been an imprudent pastor. How far this imagination is from the fact may appear in reflecting that, although he has been engaged in many critical processes which were fitted to alienate from him the affections of the town, still he has been revered and beloved here for more than sixty-two years. Two neighboring churches have been formed partly from the members of this church; two new meeting-houses have been erected by this parish; although surrounded by Unitarians, he was one of their most energetic opponents; he was one of the first ministers in this Commonwealth who refused to exchange pulpits with other than Evangelical teachers; he was one of the first to introduce the expensive machinery of beneficent associations into the parish; he has often come out in bold opposition to men of wealth and influence around him, especially on the

subjects of temperance and slavery ; and he has been habitually as faithful in reprimanding his people, as passionate in loving them. Still, amid all his innovations, remonstrances, and reproofs, he has been trusted as a judicious and even cautious man. He was revered in the town when a few wagons were drawn slowly through it every week to Boston ; and he was yet more revered when more than sixty trains of rail-cars were shot through it every day. He held his own, and more than his own, amid the most fabulous changes of society. An instance of the degree in which other parishes confided in his honest judgment is given in the fact that, while he has been the pastor of Braintree, his church has been invited to more than two hundred and twenty-two ecclesiastical Councils.

Although the church is an ancient one, having been formed in 1707, yet, in some of its relations, Dr. Storrs may be considered the father of it. When he became its pastor, sixty years at least had elapsed since it had enjoyed anything like what is now called a revival of religion. During the Great Awakening under Whitefield and the Tennents, it had refused admission to these evangelists. Social prayer-meetings had been long unknown in the church. Mr. Storrs instituted them at once. For almost a half-year, he could not persuade a single layman to offer a prayer, or utter a loud

word, at such conferences. He succeeded, at length ; and about the same time had the joy of witnessing a decided religious interest in his parish, and of hearing sixty persons express their hope of having been recently renewed by the Holy Ghost. When he began his pastorate, he found here no Sabbath school or Bible class, no monthly concert of prayer for the world's conversion, no system of contributing funds in aid of foreign or domestic missions, the education of ministers, or the distribution of religious tracts and books. As speedily as he could he introduced the appropriate agencies for benevolent effort. He strove to make laymen feel that their Redeemer commands *them*, as well as clergymen, to go virtually into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He was one, perhaps the foremost one, of the founders of the Palestine Missionary Society. His house was a resort for foreign missionaries. Daniel Temple was for many weeks a member of his family ; so were Hall and Goodell familiar at the parsonage. It was one of the brightest privileges of my life, to spend four days in a household on Mt. Lebanon, overlooking one of the most graceful scenes on the Mediterranean Sea, and to hear the mother of that family speak in joyous tones of her home in the house of Dr. Storrs, — a kind of mission-house, at which were centred lines of spiri-

tual telegraph from various and distant missions of the world. So it is, On "the sides of Lebanon," near to "the tall cedars thereof and the choice fir trees thereof," the influence of this rural pastor "shall flourish like the palm tree," and "shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

I need not say, in this presence, that Dr. Storrs was an untiring and affectionate pastor; and his parochial visits, having been anticipated as a kind of solemn festival, were remembered with a kind of triumph. I must say, however, that he excelled as a preacher more than as a pastor. He was a student. He early collected a library which for his day was a large one; composed of some volumes once belonging to the library of his great-uncle, Dr. Richard Salter, others belonging to the library of his father, and others to that of Dr. Eckley, of Boston. These books he not only perused, but studied. As he read, so he wrote, with care. During the prime of his life he was accustomed to rise between the hours of five and six in the morning, enter his study at seven, and continue there until twelve, devoting the entire forenoon of each day, after Monday, to the writing of his one sermon for the next Sabbath. It was his fixed rule to decide on the theme and text and plan of his discourse before the evening of Tuesday; and to finish his preparation before the

evening of Saturday. He had a kind of passion for writing sermons. Long after he ceased to preach, he continued to compose one discourse a week. He clung to his old habit for the love of it. He has left some discourses which he never preached at all, others which he never preached in their present form. His perseverance in writing sermons was the more remarkable, because he was chronically dissatisfied with all that he wrote. He was ever striving after an ideal which he was mortified that he could never reach.

At different times he destroyed scores of his sermons, at one time four hundred of them. Forty-five years ago, however, he had nine hundred and seventy discourses unconsumed. Hundreds of these he has re-written, expending more labor on the copy than he had expended on the original draft. During the last thirty years he has composed not only numerous homilies of a practical character, but more than two hundred in regular courses of biblical and doctrinal instruction. He was not distinctively a doctrinal preacher, but was more so than the majority of clergymen who are equally ardent. He was not distinctively a popular preacher, but more so than the majority of clergymen who are equally instructive. He was distinctively a rousing, rapturous preacher. His delivery was so impetuous that his long life becomes almost a

mystery. His tones were often too loud for his hearers, as well as for himself. His earnestness was too monotonous. He would have been more effective if he had taken pains to cool down his fervor. His appeals were too uniformly stimulating. His discourses did not startle the men who heard them regularly so much as the men who heard them occasionally. Still, he seldom failed to produce an effect, even on those who had listened to him for sixty years. Few clergymen have been troubled so much as he with an exuberance of fancy and emotion. Figures of speech came to him in battalions; he was not always careful to select the more fitting ones. Emotion rose in him as from a bubbling fountain; he was not always careful to check its overflow. The most soul-stirring of the addresses which I ever heard from him was on a cold evening in the month of March, 1833, at the regular Thursday evening conference of his church. Not more than thirty persons had ventured to wade through the wet snow into the Lyceum Hall, and they sat remote from each other, chilled and chilling. An agent for Amherst College presented the wants of that institution to the unpromising company. A sudden inspiration came over Mr. Storrs. The Connecticut Valley aroused all the memories of his native town. His eye kindled as he spoke. His voice was like the

sound of a trumpet. His metaphors were instinct with life. There was a magnetism in his words and gestures. He proposed to the enraptured group that papers be circulated for a subscription to the college. The men and women subscribed such disproportionate sums of money, that on the next day the eloquent pastor advised me, then his colleague, not to accept them; but to take from one man a half only, and from another man a quarter only, of what had been pledged. Since that time I have listened to many captivating appeals, — never to one more overpowering than that unpremeditated harangue of the country pastor to a small circle of country hearers. Those who have never heard him preach in his own parish, and in the full vigor of his manhood, cannot feel the full meaning of the criticism made upon him: "In the pulpit he looks like a living flame."

From the fact that the interest of Mr. Storrs in his church was so intense, it would be natural to infer that he became one-sided as a clergyman. His life, however, illustrates the advantages of a man's combining a subordinate with his chief employment. The person who does only one thing is not so apt to do it well, as the person who relieves himself from the monotony of the one thing, by doing another, which is secondary to it. Posterity has no right to forget the assistance

which he and his family have rendered to the press, particularly the newspaper press. As his grandfather Williston was one of the earliest editors of the "Connecticut Evangelical Magazine," and his son one of the earliest editors of the New York "Independent," so Dr. Storrs was one of the earliest workers in giving shape to the "Boston Recorder," which all admit to be either the very earliest, or nearly the earliest religious newspaper which has become permanent in this land. Mr. Sidney Edwards Morse was the editor of the "Recorder" through its first volume, and Mr. Storrs became connected with it at the commencement of its second volume. Its first publisher, Deacon Nathaniel Willis, has written: —

"Mr. Storrs began his connection with my paper in 1817, by writing for each number a few articles, — one, two, three, four, — as he pleased. These articles were published as editorial." "After the first year, I used to send him English magazines, pamphlets, reports [of charitable societies], and American newspapers; and he sent to me abstracts or remarks as he pleased, which were published for several years under the Boston head. He was always my best friend and adviser in my efforts to save the 'Recorder' from death, and to place it on a firm foundation. I can recall nothing but what is to his honor in my connection with him. His influence as a Christian and a minister was as great as that of any man out of the city of Boston."

Mr. Storrs continued his connection with the "Recorder" eight years. For the last year of his edito-

rial labors he received three hundred dollars in money; for the first year, only fifty dollars, and those paid in books. These books he gave to his parishioners. In this manner, he said, "I made Flavel, in his 'Touchstone'; Harris, in his 'Companion for the Lord's Table'; Alleine, in his 'Alarm to the Unconverted'; and Baxter, in his 'Call,'—my co-laborers in every family of my parish." Besides, the occupation "enabled me to gain a somewhat particular acquaintance with the movements of the whole religious world, and especially those of my own country."

From December, 1850, until January, 1856, Dr. Storrs was connected with the editorial staff of the "Congregationalist," which has since united the "Recorder" with itself. As in 1817 he gave himself to the work of saving the "Recorder," so in 1850 he gave himself to the work of saving the "Congregationalist" from decline. His visits to South Carolina and Georgia had prepared him to espouse the cause of antislavery. He made a distinction between Christian antislavery and political abolitionism. He disapproved of various procedures associated with the latter; but was marked, as early as 1833, for his warm sympathy with the former. At first, in his social interviews, then in his public prayers for the slave, at length in his occasional discourses, and as early as

1850 in his printed essays, he became known as a decided opponent of the "Southern institution," and a determined advocate for its abandonment. Many of his friends endeavored to hold him back from the warfare against slavery, but were made to feel that personal friendship could never deter him from following the dictates of his conscience. He has been censured for concentrating his mental and moral gifts upon one rural parish;¹ but he did not give up to this town what was meant for his country. In the words of his editorial associate, Dr. Dexter, "He preached every week to as many hundreds of newspaper readers as there were individuals in his parochial charge." If all the essays which he wrote for the weekly and monthly periodicals of his day were collected, they would fill several octavo volumes. Besides these, he printed various Reports of Charitable Societies, more than twenty sermons; the memoir of his friend, Rev. Samuel Green, of Boston; and he spent much time in preparing for the press such works of the old divines as have been published by the Doctrinal Tract Society, afterwards the Congregational Board of Publication.

There is another department of incidental activity

¹ In the year 1826, Daniel Webster, after listening to Mr. Storrs's eulogy on the ex-President, John Adams, remarked: "Such an orator as this should not spend his life in a small country town; he ought to be in a more prominent position." Such comments were often made.

which variegated the pastoral labors of Dr. Storrs. At the commencement of them it was understood that he should be allowed to intermit them occasionally for the sake of preaching to destitute congregations.¹ Thus, as a Home Missionary, he visited every year several towns in Rhode Island and Massachusetts; among them, the present city of Fall River, which was then a "waste place." From 1820 to 1854, he was a Trustee; from 1827 to 1838, he was the Secretary; from 1855 to 1858, he was the President, of the Massachusetts Missionary Society. In 1833, 1834, 1835, he was Associate Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, for the New England States. From 1837 to 1847, he was a Director; since 1847, he has been a Vice-President, of the American Home Missionary Society. In 1831 he obtained a dismissal from his church for five years, in order that he might spend *all* his time, as he had previously spent a part of it, in the cause of Home Missions. As the General Agent for the American Home Missionary Society for New England, he labored, as he was wont to do, beyond his strength. The value of his agency during the first two or three of these years has been described in the Annual Reports of the Massachusetts and the American

¹ See pp. 27-30, where the example of Rev. Noah Williston, and his son, Dr. Payson Williston, of East Hampton, is noticed.

Home Missionary Societies.¹ His labors have thus been taken out of the sphere of biography into that of more general history. Feeble churches were inspired by his stirring words. Laggard parishes were waked up by his loud calls. Persecuted churches felt strong as they listened to the martial eloquence of a man who seemed to be sent among them as a warrior against fraud and oppression. The tones of his voice resounded like a bugle among the hills and valleys of New England.

For more than twenty years after I became a teacher at a Theological Seminary, I was interrogated by one student and another in regard to the mission agent, by whom they had been electrified in their boyhood. They spoke of him as reminding them of an avalanche; they felt an awe of him as of thunder and lightning. They desired to learn how he had fitted himself for his work. More than one of them has made a remark substantially like this: "I never heard a sermon equal to that which he delivered in the old meeting-house on the top of the hill. I shall never forget it. I was started for the Christian ministry by it. When he came to preach in any neighboring

¹ See among other notices, the Seventh Annual Report of the A. H. M. Society, p. 53; Eighth Report, p. 70; Ninth Report, p. 58; Eleventh Report, p. 60.

town, I importuned my parents to let me ride over and hear him." A thousand little incidents attest the singleness of his aim, as he toiled for the sheep in the wilderness, who were left without a shepherd. For the sake of stirring up the churches of Canada, he visited Montreal, and other Canadian towns. On his return I asked him how he was pleased with the Montreal Cathedral, which was then celebrated as the most imposing church edifice on the continent. His characteristic reply was: "I passed it, but did not enter it, or even look at it; I was conversing at the time on the feebleness of our own churches. 'Knowest thou not that I must be about my Father's business?'" His soul was enkindled with love to men, and on fire with love to God; he wellnigh lost the recollection of his body; he paid little regard to the material world. His zeal for the spiritual house of the Lord consumed his love for the beauties of art, and even nature itself.

One would think that he might have come forth from his agency refreshed by his journeyings among our mountains, and along our rivers and shores; he *did* come back a man bowed down with care and hard work; his voice like a broken clarion,—for the hand of the Lord had fallen heavily upon him! In his own expressive words: 'He returned to his church as a stricken son to his mother's bosom, that he

might share the kindly sympathies which had so often soothed the wounds of earlier days.'¹

It must not be imagined that the editorial and missionary labors of Dr. Storrs were his only means of diversifying his parochial life. He began his ministry in the spring-time of our charitable societies, and it is difficult for us to imagine the fresh joy of his heart in helping to nurture their germs. He was one of the earliest agents in forming Sabbath-school societies and temperance societies, and in defending them when established. Five years, from 1820 to 1825, he served as the Recording Secretary of the American Tract Society. In 1824, the now venerable William A. Hallock was chosen Assistant Secretary. Nine years, from 1821 to 1830, he was a laborious Director of the American Education Society. In 1867 he was elected a Vice-President of the Congregational Board of Publication; for at least seventeen years he did a good work in criticising theological treatises for this society. Eight years, from 1848 to 1856, he was a member of

¹ Mr. Storrs was unremitting in his missionary labors from 1831 until 1835. A severe affliction, superadded to his exhausting work, forced him then to seek repose. During the first two years of his agency, his place at Braintree was supplied by a colleague, who was ordained a pastor of the church. During the third year it was supplied by Rev. Paul Jewett, and during the fourth year by Rev. William R. Jewett, neither of whom, however, was installed over the church. At the end of the fourth year, Mr. Storrs resumed his pastoral work, but did not recover his health for several months.

the Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary.

An important lesson to be derived from the life of Dr. Storrs is the value of permanence in the pastoral relation. One might suppose that he would be more apt than other men to secure the advantages resulting from pastoral changes. He would have loved the stimulus derived from them. His mental activity, not to say restlessness, would have been relieved by shaking off the dust of his feet in one parish, and going to another. He would have had peculiar power as an itinerant preacher. He would have been idolized as such. He might have garnered wealth and fame from pastorates in large cities; but, — the example of his fathers! the example of his fathers! — he came here with the intent to stay here. He did not occupy this parish as a tenant occupies a house; he felt such responsibilities as come upon a landlord. He formed plans for a long life here; not such plans as would be useful for a few days, and then hurtful; not plans, the influence of which other men were to meet and combat; but plans which were to bring joy or sorrow, relief or trouble, to himself. He did not forget his own welfare, but he made it a stimulus to his duty. If he should not cultivate his garden, he himself would be annoyed with the thorns.

If he should not tend the vine faithfully, he could not eat of the grapes. If he should plant and water the young elm, he would rest under its tranquillizing shadow in his good old age. All his interests, then, required him to form such plans as would result in permanent utility. He therefore studied the people who were to be his life's care. He learned the pedigrees of their families. He knew their household and their ancestral traits. He was thus enabled to adapt his words to the exact condition of his hearers. So he gained a new interest in them, and they in him. When the mother presented her infant for baptism, she was touched by the fact that she herself, and also her father and mother, had received the baptismal waters from the same hand. When the sorrowful children were following a mother to the grave, they were soothed by the reflection that the same voice of prayer which had just comforted them had also comforted their mother, as she wept at the funeral of her own parents. All the more familiar graves in the church-yard have been watered with his tears. When old men were inclined to reject his entreaties, they remembered that he had saved their grandsons from vice. When young men were tempted to slight his counsel, they remembered that he had saved their grandparents from despair. Thus he had intertwined himself with the very

fibres of the memory and the heart of his people. He derived new impulse to faithfulness from the thought that he would at last lie down with three generations of his parishioners; that succeeding generations would visit his grave, and would tell to each other the long story of what they had heard their ancestors say, respecting the words which he spake while he tabernacled among them. He loved to think that when the trumpet should sound, and the graves should be opened, then he would say: "Lord, here am I and the children which thou hast given me," — and the under-shepherd would stand with his flock at the right hand of the great Shepherd, when he should divide the sheep from the goats. There is, indeed, a beauty in the relation of a pastor to his people, which appears the more winning as it is mellowed by time. There is a dignity in it, which appears the more commanding when the relation begins near the beginning of a century, and ends not far from the end of it. This whole town feels a kind of loss of honor when Dr. Storrs ceases to pass through its green lanes. The name of the pastor and the name of the town have been wedded together. Each one suggests the other. He has added his own dignity to the people for whom he prayed. His excellences will be imputed to you. Your good works will be imputed to him. May the

great Shepherd of Israel forbid that you ever lapse into any unfaithfulness, which may be identified, in the common regard, with the ministry of him who this day is to lie down with your fathers in the grave.

When we contemplate the character of Dr. Storrs, we seem to be turning a kaleidoscope. If I should say that he was a bold and even an audacious man, I should meet the views of some who knew him well ; and if I should say that he was a modest and even a diffident man, I should meet the views of others who knew him equally well. He was so retiring that he dreaded to walk up the central aisle of any one of the old meeting-houses ; and felt a great relief when, in his new church-edifice, he could walk through a rear passage into the pulpit, from which he spoke like, what he was familiarly styled, a Son of Thunder. If I should affirm that he was meek and gentle, I should be readily believed by those who were most familiar with him ; and if I should affirm that his sarcasms were withering, I should be readily believed by those who had heard his invectives against slavery and intemperance. If I should say that he was economical in his pecuniary expenditures, I should gain the approval of his friends ; if I should say that he was generous, perhaps to a fault, I should gain the approval of indigent men and women whom he had succored in their need.

If I should pronounce him frank and open-hearted, I should be credited; if I should call him reserved and uncommunicative, I should tell what many who have received secret benefactions from him know right well. If I should affirm that he had a reverence for old usages, a steadfast adherence to principles hallowed by time, I should point out one of his distinguishing traits; and I should be thought by some to contradict myself if I should affirm, as I might with equal justice, that another of his distinctive characteristics was a hospitality to new forms of truth, and a peculiar reluctance to admit that the olden times were better than these. He was singularly warm in his attachments, but he was no less tenacious of them than enthusiastic in them. He was rapid in forming his judgments, but on the whole how few mistakes he made! He clung, with rare tenacity, to his opinions, as well as to his friendships, even when they had been quickly formed; but how ready he was to take advice, and how sagacious in selecting his counsellors! He had a tendency to be rhapsödical; his theological opponents called him fiery; yet among his most intimate friends were Huntington, the poet of North Bridgewater, and B. B. Edwards, the Professor at Andover, both of whom you remember yet as men of gentle voice and mild eye. As a young minister, he

was old ; and as an old minister, he was young. As a student he was so indefatigable, that he might be suspected of too little interest in the details of his parish ; and as a pastor he was so much interested in his practical work, that he might be suspected of neglecting his studies. I could speak of him as a person of delicate taste, and also as a person who loved to sacrifice the beautiful, if he suspected it of interfering with the useful. A man who is commended as consistent with himself is apt to be one-sided ; a man who is many-sided is apt to be condemned as inconsistent with himself. It was a distinction of Dr. Storrs that he was more self-consistent than many persons who are as many-sided as he ; and was less one-sided than many persons who are as self-consistent as he. In the general, men knew just where to find him. He had one set of qualities as a man ; he controlled them by another set of qualities which he had as a Christian ; and he governed these by a distinct set of qualities which he had as a Christian minister. He might easily have been a barrister like Tristram Burges, or a statesman like George McDuffie, had he not chosen to be a lowly minister of Jesus Christ.

As his character, so his life was diversified. The lonely, suffering boy, the invalid collegian, the indigent school-teacher, the enthusiastic divinity student, the

flattered candidate for the ministry, the missionary amid the rice-fields of Georgia, the pastor of a rural parish, the editor of journals and books, the solicitor of charities for indigent students and feeble churches, the painstaking officer of various philanthropic societies, he had after all, in the main, a serene life, especially in his own household. Sometimes, indeed, the even tenor of his way was lighted up with joys, and sometimes darkened with sorrows. His first wife was a lady distinguished for her personal accomplishments and enthusiastic piety. After having followed to the grave her two infant children, and after having enjoyed her society six years and two days, he was called to take leave of her, and to hear her say with her dying breath, when she was asked whether her Redeemer was near to her, "O yes! yes! YES!"¹ "For a long time," he said, "I felt as if my body itself had been rent in twain, and one half of it torn away." In order to prevent his sensitive spirit from preying fatally upon his physical system, he was compelled to make his second pilgrimage to South Carolina and Georgia.

More than fourteen years of bliss, as near to that

¹ She was the daughter of Rev. Nathan Woodhull, of Newtown, Long Island. See the interesting "Discourse delivered at Braintree, on Thursday, April 9, 1818, at the funeral of Mrs. Sarah Strong Storrs, wife of Rev. Richard S. Storrs; who died April 6, aged 25 years. By Daniel Huntington, pastor of the South Church, in Bridgewater. — Printed at the 'Recorder' office, by Nathaniel Willis, Boston."

of heaven as is often found on earth, he lived with his second wife, who was the mother of his only surviving son. Before her marriage she was a member of the Old South Church, in Boston. Mr. Huntington, the minister of that church, and Dr. Griffin, the minister of Park Street, valued her as a pillar, not less than an ornament, of the temple; yet she modelled her life on the maxim that a "woman's noblest station is retreat" from public view. Seldom, indeed, among mortals, is found a person combining so much of intelligence with so much of gentleness, so sweet with so exalted a spirit. As she sat in her pew, and listened to a discourse on some great doctrine of the Bible, she seemed to be transfigured; and her countenance was like transparent glass, through which the delicate emotions of her soul became wellnigh visible.¹

As after the death of his first wife, so after the death of his second, the burdened spirit of Dr. Storrs became too heavy for his physical frame-work. Physicians often wondered that his impassioned style of elocution had not long ago rent his organs of speech asunder. When he continued to preach under the pressure of bereavement, these organs were shattered. The carriage was too frail for the discharge of the can-

¹ See "An Address delivered at the interment of Mrs. Harriet Storrs, consort of Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1834, by Rev. John Codman, D. D."

non. At length he was compelled to suspend his pulpit efforts for several months; and indeed he never regained his former volume and percussive energy of voice. Again his home was illumined by the presence of a woman, who has been the evening star of his life; and as long as he beheld it he was cheered by it as by a radiance reflected from the Sun of Righteousness. The light still lingers above the horizon, and cannot be fitly described until it has faded away from mortal view. For the last eight and thirty years the husband and the wife have lived together, as heirs of the promise made to their fathers, and in their declining life have seemed like Simeon and Anna waiting for the consolation of Israel.¹

¹ The clerical associations of Dr. Storrs are illustrated anew in the family history of his widow, Mrs. Anne Storrs. She, like him, was descended from Rev. Richard Mather, Rev. Eleazer Mather, Rev. John Williams; see pp. 7-9 above. Her ancestor, Rev. Stephen Williams, D. D., of Longmeadow, was the brother of his ancestor, Rev. Eleazer Williams, of Mansfield, Conn.; see page 9 above. Her father, Rev. Stephen Williams Stebbins, was named in honor of his grandfather, Dr. Stephen Williams, and was trained in Dr. Williams's family. He was born in the native town of Dr. Storrs, and, having been a pastor in Stratford, Conn., twenty-nine years, was installed as the immediate successor of Rev. Noah Williston, at West Haven, in 1815; and he remained there twenty-eight years. His daughter removed in 1835 from the historical parsonage at West Haven to the well-known parsonage at Braintree; see pp. 6, 26, 37 above. Her father preached a memorable sermon at the funeral of Rev. Nathan Birdseye, his remote predecessor, and the immediate predecessor of Rev. Mr. Williston, in the West Haven pastorate. About a hundred of Mr. Birdseye's descendants attended that funeral; two hundred and fifty-eight of his descendants were living at the time; and Mr. Birdseye himself had, at his

Since the summer of 1869 he has preached but seldom. The last sermon which he *printed* was preached on the day before the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination; the last which he *delivered* was on the twenty-fourth of September, 1871, when he was in his eighty-fifth year.¹ Yearly, monthly, he has been waiting to follow the long procession of his forefathers through the gates of the city. Sometimes he has spoken of himself as passing through the land of Beulah; sometimes, as enjoying the Indian summer of his life. Often, how often! in the near prospect of death, have dropped from his lips words like these: "Oh to see Jesus! to see Him as he is, in the fulness of His glory! to have a heart to serve Him! to rejoice in Him! to be free from sin! free from unbelief! this is all we ask, all we desire; and this is enough." "I hope for salvation, not because I have ever done anything

decease, attained the age of one hundred and three years, five months, and nine days. One of his daughters was married to Rev. Dr. Payson Williston, the son of the West Haven pastor; and one of Dr. Stephen Williams's granddaughters became the second wife of Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow.

¹ His last *printed* sermon was from the text: "Now the God of peace be with you all" (Romans xv, 33). The last sermon which he *preached* was from the text: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke xii, 32). Although Dr. Storrs was assisted in his ministry, a year and three months, from October, 1866, by Rev. William Stone Hubbell, he did not resign all the active duties of his pastorate until the summer of 1869, when his place was supplied, about two years, by Rev. Edward P. Tenney.

which merits it, but merely because there is rich grace in Christ. Through his mercy I long to unite with the blessed company around the throne; to meet my dear father and mother there; to meet many dear friends whom while on earth I loved; but, above all, to meet my Saviour. I feel myself to be mere imperfection and sin, but Christ is all my salvation; I can trust Him."

At length came the hour which he had longed for; and on the eleventh day of August, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the sixty-third year of his pastorate, the host of his spiritual sons and daughters in the Church Triumphant welcomed him to their glad assembly.

At his death, he left a rich legacy to all his relatives; especially to his descendants; emphatically to his son, in whom the father had garnered up his heart. He has bequeathed to them the three words, Richard Salter Storrs, — as words which mean more than a mere cognomen, — words which are an attributive as well as an appellative, — words which have a fuller signification than when he took them at his baptism, — words which emphasize and intensify the moral lesson which his ancestors had put into them, — words making in themselves a volume on the virtues which he practised. To leave a name suggesting

those virtues, after a life of more than fourscore years, is an honor vouchsafed to few men. As, when we hear the name of David Brainerd, we feel an admonition to live above the world; when we hear the name of John Eliot, we feel an incentive to be faithful in hard work; so, when we hear the name of the father who has just left us, we are prompted to be resolute, self-denying, and persevering, in every duty. Thrice blessed is that man who so spends a long life as to make his very *name* a religious doctrine.

But — but there is a richer name. “Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name.”

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

only more distinctly while the powers which it had so long illumined were silently wasting and vanishing from around it ; as the light, enshrined in an alabaster vase, shows its lustre with less concealment through the thinner translucent sides.

His profound humility was ever apparent ; and his consciousness of sin, always central, vital, vivid, became, if possible, more distinct and constant in its manifestation, as he drew nearer death. But his joy in the Gospel was only on that account the more complete. The happy repose of his heart in Him whom so long he had served, revealed itself with a clearer radiance, because of his habitual and entire distrust of all in himself which might seem to entitle him to God's favor. The truths and the promises which he had often commended to others, now, more than ever, revealed to him their grandeur and charm, as he himself needed such a sure and beautiful foundation of God. His confidence in them was complete. And although he felt himself a sinner, — *because*, one might better say, he felt himself as near as was the Apostle Paul to being consciously the chief of sinners, — the redemption of Christ was more than ever glorious, complete, supreme, in his view. The cross was his hope ; the Spirit of God his divine Comforter ; the society of the Holy his blessed expectation.

For several years he had seemed, to his friends, to be passing through a golden Indian summer of life. His active exertions in the field, which is the world, had come to an end. His sheaves were gathered. He was waiting for the voice which should call him to go home. The brilliant energy of his earlier character had mellowed into a milder beauty, of peace and hope. The fervid zeal, which had burned with an almost consuming fire for what to him was right and true, had now become an incandescent continuing temper of Christian love ; losing nothing of the radiance, if something of the eager intensity, which had previously marked it. A subtile and delicate fragrance of character, imperceptibly transmitted

from his essential spiritual life, breathed almost sensibly around him, in the family circle, and in his intercourse with friends. A sweeter light was on his face, as of one who neared the gates of pearl. And they who dwelt with him, day by day, felt that they were privileged to tarry in the pleasant land, on the borders of heaven, where the shining ones walk.

It had been through such a season, — of rest, after long labor, of affectionate and grateful retrospection, of placid contemplation, and of cheerful hope, — that the Father had brought him towards the end. And the end, when it came, though preceded by great weakness and pain, and unattended by sudden triumphant transports of joy, was not inharmonious with this tranquil way which had led him to it.

His thoughts often went back, in the last weeks of his life, to the scenes of his childhood. More than once he especially expressed the longing and the happy hope that he should soon meet his Mother, in heaven. The recollection of her, who had died more than seventy years before, became so vivid, that her very image seemed to rise again, in almost palpable outline, before his eye. He spoke of others, also, who had been very dear to him, in Braintree and elsewhere, with whom he hoped to take sweet counsel in the presence of God. Yet his mind, to the last, was full of desire for the promotion of every effort among men for the furtherance of God's kingdom. The earth had lost all hold upon him, except as it had been the scene of Christ's work, and was the home of His militant church. But no effort for the Master, which had at any time engaged his affections, had lost in the least its interest to him ; and every suggestion of a possible plan for doing good, on a larger scale, or in new directions, at once awakened his earnest attention.

Nothing else, however, at any time, rejoiced him so much as did personal conversation on the truths, the invitations, and the promises of the Gospel. The words of the Scripture, the repeating of familiar hymns, the voices of prayer, were more soothing to his restlessness, and more reviving to his languid

pulses, than any physical remedies. Especially he loved to talk of God ; of the wonders of His ways ; of that infinite power which eternally serves His perfect love ; of the vast, serene, untroubled plan, which the history of mankind, when it is completed, will show Him to have accomplished on earth. The Pauline theology, which he always had accepted with fullest faith, now manifested its fruits in his deepest experience. The Divine sovereignty, the Divine purposes, were to him, in the strictest sense, "doctrines of grace." Perfectly aware of the coming end, profoundly convinced of his personal unworthiness, but seeing the divine revelation in Christ of the Father's good pleasure to give men His kingdom, his whole soul appeared to settle itself into a loving confidence in God ; as the strong-winged bird, returning from whatever flight, having beaten up victoriously against all winds, with narrowing circles drops at last into its safe and sheltered nest.

The hymns which express and illustrate this confidence were to him most precious. The examples of those in whom it had been brightly exhibited, among his own friends, were those which he best loved to recall. However debilitated or weary he might be, he was re-animated, if only for a moment, whenever this central theme was touched ; and it never failed to refresh and cheer him. Once, as he was speaking, on one of his days of utmost feebleness, of the desire which he had had for vivid and entrancing visions of heaven, — which desire had not been wholly fulfilled, — he added : " But God knows, and does what is best. I would have it precisely as He wills." One who was sitting beside him said : " You seem to be much in the state of mind which Whittier expresses, in those beautiful lines, —

" I know not where Thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond Thy love and care."

He started, with a sudden energy of gesture always peculiar

to him, and striking his hand upon the arm of the chair, said, with all his ancient emphasis, "That is *it*! That is *it*! What are those lines? I never saw them. Repeat them again!" And when they had been repeated, he turned in silence towards the window, with a happy smile breaking over his face, almost as if an angel had spoken. His eager desire had been for years that he might see something of the glories of heaven, before he reached its crystal threshold. But his quiet and triumphing trust in God made him as ready as any one has ever been to dispense with all preceding ecstasies, and wait God's time for the vision and the crown.

During the last three or four weeks of his life it was a grief to him that he could not see more of those Christian friends who frequently called on him, to express their affectionate solicitude and regard. But the judicious advice of his physician, with the ever-deepening sense of his feebleness in those who tenderly watched over him, kept the door of his sick-room closed against all whose presence was not needful. And he yielded patiently, without murmuring, to a restriction the necessity for which became daily more evident. The words of love, and of affectionate and rewarding recognition of their love, which he spoke to those who were beside him, will be treasured by them while life continues. For every ministry, however slight, he never failed to make a return, instant and manifold, of grateful thanks.

During the week immediately preceding his death, he had seemed stronger and more comfortable than for two or three of the previous weeks. And it was hoped by those who then saw him that he might possibly rally again, and live for months, if not for years. The possibility of this was distinctly recognized by his physician. But at the end of the week his change came; and after Saturday he sank, steadily and fast, towards the grave.

His mind continued clear and discerning to the last. His son reached him on Monday afternoon, a few hours before his

death, and was greeted by him with a smile of welcome, and a repeated pressure of the hand, though the power of speech was wholly gone. And just as the sun went down in splendor, after a broken and overcast day, while a gleam of its departing glory touched the curtains of the bed on which he lay, his breath grew slower, feebler, and then ceased. Without a struggle or a moan the end of earth had come to him. The faithful, fervent, heroic spirit, that had shrunk from no labor and known no fear, that had found its joy in self-denial, and had gained its reward in such affection as few attract, that had tenderly loved many on earth, and had made their path always brighter and easier, that had loved God manifest in Christ with an unutterable fulness of earnest affection, — had gone to be with the saints in light!

If ever any one could repeat, without faltering, the grateful and prophetic words of Paul the Aged, surely he could : —

“I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith :

“Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

The funeral services of Dr. Storrs were held at Braintree on Friday, the 15th of August. The immediate relatives, and personal friends from abroad, were first assembled at the house, from which his body had not yet been removed ; and there the following prayer was offered by the Rev. Edward P. Tenney, who, not long before the death of Dr. Storrs, had been for more than a year his assistant in the ministry : —

“Our Father, who art in Heaven : we thank Thee that Thou hast deferred this day so long ; but we thank Thee, also, that Thou hast not deferred it forever. We praise Thee that when we are weary w h bear-

ing about our bodies, full of infirmity, we may lay them aside, and enter upon immortal vigor.

"We feel, O Lord, that he who has departed from us has not wholly departed; and we remember that one who was the life of his life, continues still on earth among us. Oh, let it not be in utter loneliness that she continues. Manifest Thyself unto her as her Comforter. Thou Son of God, who wast Thyself a man of sorrows on the earth, acquainted with grief, and who art the Companion forever of Thy people, be Thou a Companion unto her whom Thou hast so bereft; and may she be satisfied when she at last, also, shall awake in Thy likeness

"May this house be one of Thy many mansions! Here wilt Thou abide, filling each of these rooms with Thy presence and glory! Wilt Thou be here in every hour, by day and by night; and wilt Thou, O Lord, prepare each one of the inmates of this house for the day when, one after another, they shall unite again with him who has gone before them to the heavens.

"And since this family has grown so large that we all, who are present here, feel personally bereaved, that Thou hast taken away from each of us our Father, wilt Thou, O Lord, remember us all in our present sorrow, and, by Thy rich grace, prepare us hereafter to take our place with the glorified, that we, with them, may praise Thee on high forevermore. AMEN."

After the prayer of Rev. Mr. Tenney, a procession was formed of the relatives and friends present at the house, who then followed the casket — which was borne by Deacons Nathaniel Hayward, Elias Hayward, J. Ward Childs, and Henry M. Hollis, and by Messrs. Jonathan French and Elisha French — to the church, which was already filled with mourners, many of the ministers of the neighboring towns and city being among them.

The church had been hung with suitable drapery, and lovingly and tastefully adorned and shaded with abundant flowers, in anticipation of the service. The front of the pulpit, as well as that of the gallery, was wreathed with passion-vines, intertwined with oak-leaves and tea-roses; while stands, on either side, bore large bouquets of the most choice and delicate flowers, whose beauty and fragrance represented the ten

der love and reverence of those who had supplied and arranged them. Upon the casket, in which reposed the beloved remains of him who had occupied the pulpit from his youth, was laid a spray of ripened grain, with a rich wreath of Syrian wheat. The wheat had been sent from Beyroot, long before, by one who had gone to her missionary work from Dr. Storrs' household. She had not probably thought, in sending it, that she was coming beforehand to bring her offering for his burial. But so it was ; and the love of those in other lands, to whom intelligence of his death was still unknown, to whom that death would bring in time its special grief, was well represented, to many hearts, in this abundant, unfading wreath, wrought of the fruit of the Syrian seed.

As the procession moved up the aisle, in the midst of the hushed and tearful assembly which had risen to receive it, the choir sang the chant :—

“ I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.”

The following prayer of invocation was then offered by the Rev. William S. Hubbell, of East Somerville, who had also served, some years before, as an assistant of Dr. Storrs :—

“ O Thou, in whose hand our breath is, who art the Father of our spirits and the former of our bodies, and who dost govern all our ways, who hast numbered even the hairs of our heads, and without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground : we ask that Thou wilt be present with us in the grace of thy Holy Spirit, on this day of our mourning, and wilt be with us in all these services of remembrance and of honor for our precious dead !

“ Again and again hast Thou, O Lord, heard the prayer of him whose silent dust now lies before us, as he, standing here, hath supplicated Thy presence, and sought Thy mercies. Thou hast sent forth here the power of Thy Spirit, while he proclaimed from this sacred place the riches of the Gospel ; and we pray that the same Spirit may now possess and animate our hearts, filling us with the peace and comfort of the Gospel, and giving us sweet and exalting thoughts of the triumph of him who hath now died the death of the righteous.

"We pray that all the impressions of this scene and service may be such upon us, that the day of his death, whom here we honor and lament, may be better to us than the day of his birth ; and that the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart may be all acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. AMEN."

Most appropriate, ample, and impressive selections from the Scriptures were then read by the Rev. James H. Means, of Dorchester, illustrating the goodness, love, and providence of God ; the ground and promise of eternal life to the believer ; the victory of the Christian in the hour of death ; the peculiar beauty of death in old age, after a long and faithful service ; the glories of the Heaven which waits beyond.

After this reading of the Scriptures, the following favorite Hymn of Dr. Storrs was sung, by choir and congregation :—

"Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of Eternity.

"Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to Heaven's eternal joys ?

"Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

"Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

"To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full Heaven, enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of Heaven below."

The Memorial Discourse, which is published in full in the foregoing part of this pamphlet, was then delivered by Professor Edwards A. Park, D.D., of the Andover Theological Seminary.

[This discourse had been prepared, in anticipation of the occasion, and in fulfilment of the earnest wish of Dr. Storrs, long since expressed, that, if any such service were performed at his funeral, it should be by this dear and honored friend ; who had been associate-pastor with him of the church in Braintree, in 1831-33, while he was engaged in service abroad, as Secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society ; to whom he had been united ever after by the tenderest ties, of mutual confidence and reciprocal affection ; at the burial of whose father he himself had had the sad privilege of preaching the sermon ; and whose intimate knowledge of Dr. Storrs, as well as his early association with him, made the service pre-eminently appropriate to be performed by him. It is a great joy to all who cherish the memory of this venerated father, pastor, friend, that this wish of his heart was permitted to be realized ; and that he who, more than forty years before, had been introduced to the pastoral office by a solemn Charge from his older associate, was now present to speak these words of eloquent affection, timely and fit, when he who had loved him, from that day onward, went up with angels to the presence of God.]

At the close of the discourse, the following prayer was offered by the Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D., of Boston :—

“ Our Father, who art in Heaven : the issues of life are in Thy hand ; and Thou hast taught us, by the lips of Thy Son, the truth, which commends itself also to our reason, that without Thee not a sparrow falleth to the ground ; so that whenever Thou in Thy providence doth visit our communities or our families with sickness and with death, we are assured that the affliction springeth not from the dust, neither doth trouble come out of the ground. It is Thou, O Lord, who didst give. It is Thou, O Lord, who dost take away. And it is our privilege, as it is our duty, alike when Thou givest and when Thou takest, to bless Thy holy name forever.

Thou, who art the Judge of all the earth, doest rightly. And though clouds and darkness may be round about Thee, yet are righteousness and judgment the habitation of Thy throne. Therefore, O Lord, would we say at this time, in view of the life and the death which we have been contemplating, Thy will be done !

“ We bless Thee for the clearness with which life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel ; that Jesus said, as he wept with the mourners by the side of the grave, ‘ I am the Resurrection and the Life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.’ We bless Thee that this living faith, reigning in the heart, and manifesting itself in the life of the believer, prepares him for heaven, even before he has been called to leave the earth ; that while many passions may overcome the fear of death, the believer in Jesus is more than conqueror,— is filled with a joyful hope, which is the witness of God’s Spirit within him, and has the peace and victory of the Holy Ghost before he is called hence to be here no more.

“ We thank Thee for the exemplification of this blessed truth in the life which we have now considered. We bless Thee for the grace of Christ, exhibited in the faithfulness of this His disciple and His minister ; for all the way in which Thou didst lead him ; for the earnestness and the fulness with which he gave himself to Christ, in his early life ; for the faithfulness and the zeal with which, by Thy grace strengthening him, he served his Master, and did good to his fellow-men, in all the manifold duties of the Christian minister.

“ We thank Thee for the example which we have seen in him, of fidelity to the faith of his fathers ; exemplifying the truth to us, that whilst Thou dost visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, Thou dost also show mercy unto thousands of them that love Thee and keep Thy commandments. Blessed be Thy name for the illustration of pure domestic piety in the life which we have now considered ; and for Thy faithfulness to Thy promises, in Thy providence and grace, answering the prayers of the parents, in spiritual and temporal blessings upon the children, to the latest generation. May we who are parents, and those of us who are children, be suitably affected by the truth thus illustrated ; and may the hearts of parents be turned unto their children, and the hearts of children be turned unto their parents ; and all unto Christ ; that we may all be members together of the family of God, and belong to the one household of the faith.

“ We pray that this life and this death which now we have considered may be blessed to all of us, according to the relations which we have sustained to him who is departed, and to the knowledge we may have had of his character and example.

"We pray for her whom Thou in Thy providence
 Comfort her, we beseech Thee, in her widowhood
 for Thee. Forsake her not, when her strength
 with gratitude, that for so many years she
 courage, and sustain Thy servant, in the
 Saviour, in whom she believes, in whom
 preached to others, to be near to her in
 Friend, whom not having seen she may
 see him not, yet believing she may receive
 of glory. And may the blessed Comforter
 his disciples, be present with her, and
 bring into captivity her every thought
 in the multitude of her thoughts
 soul.

"Bless the sister of Thy
 comforted to his comfort, with
 those to whose care the aged
 years ; and grant that Thou
 her, and to them.

"Bless the son, who
 be faithful to his name
 Quickened him in his
 him in the performance
 Spirit, as he preaches
 Thy will, continuing
 follow those, who
 last, with them

"Bless the
 and to which
 may be preserved
 and may
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"Bless
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zeal. May all of us, who have been blessed through the piety of parents and of churches, be so strengthened, and guided, and quickened of Thee, as to be faithful unto death ; that we also may receive from Thee at last the crown of life.

“ To this community, which has been so long and so tenderly acquainted with the deceased, may his death, as well as his life, be abundantly blessed ; and to all the churches with which he has been so widely connected, in labor and in counsel, and which have felt, indirectly, the blessing of his long and faithful ministry among his own people. May the members of this church, and religious society, especially receive of Thy rich grace. May the church continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, faithful to the gospel, faithful to the Lord ; and may blessings flow from it, rich, and wide, and lasting. We pray that the members of it may be rewarded with spiritual blessings for all their faithful and affectionate attention to the temporal wants and comfort of this pastor and minister, who is now removed from them. We thank Thee for the opportunity which Thou hast given them, in Thy providence, to express the faithful and continual love of a devoted people, to a devoted pastor. And we pray that the office-bearers and the members of the church may all share in Thy grace and favor. May their faith be increased, in the remembrance of him who has now gone ; and may his example, and that of all those who have here died in the faith of the gospel, so animate their love that Christ shall be formed in each of their hearts, the hope of glory.

“ May all those who have been accustomed to come to this house of God, and to hear the gospel preached by Thy servant, who hath now gone from them, be led by Thy spirit to believe in the Lord Jesus, in whom he trusted, and at last be prepared to enter the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and to join with all the redeemed in ascribing glory and honor, and dominion and power, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever.

“ Hear our prayer, O Lord. Thou knowest what things we have need of, before we ask them ; and Thou art more ready to give good gifts to them who seek Thee than earthly parents to give gifts unto their children. Bless to all of us this scene and service, in which we now have been engaged. Help us, in connection with this event, to remember each one our own mortality, and to commit our way unto the Lord. Help us to recall the many instances in which, in our respective domestic circles, Thou hast taught us that here we have no continuing city, and no abiding place ; that we may seek the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God ; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are

passed away. May we hide our life with Christ in God. May we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal. Help us always to seek, by patient continuance in well-doing, for glory and honor and immortality, and to attain eternal life : through Jesus Christ, our Lord and our Redeemer. AMEN."

The apostolic benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. Jonas Perkins, of the Union Church of Braintree and Weymouth :—

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. AMEN."

At the close of these services in the church, the casket was removed from its place in front of the pulpit, and borne to the vestibule, where all, in passing out towards the burial-ground, might have the opportunity to look once more on the familiar and beloved face. It wore the look of sweet serenity which had been for years habitual with him whose spirit was now not unclothed but clothed upon, and whose mortality was swallowed up of life. He seemed not dead, but resting gently, as in placid and happy sleep. A vision of immortal peace might well be felt to have left its impress stamped upon the brow, and on all the form, from which the soul, in the light of that vision, had gladly ascended.

After all who wished had looked upon the face, the casket was finally closed, and the procession was again formed, six clergymen being added to the previous pall-bearers : Drs. Henry M. Dexter and Daniel Butler, and Rev. Messrs. Samuel L. Rockwood, Stephen H. Hayes, Horace D. Walker, and Daniel L. Furber. The casket was carried to the grave, and deposited in it ; and the son of the deceased, Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D. D., of Brooklyn, New York, then scattered the first handfuls of earth upon the coffin, saying :—

"Thus we commit unto the earth the body still precious to us, and precious to the Lord: ashes to ashes, dust to dust: to rise again in the morning of the resurrection.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

The closing benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. Selah B. Treat, of Boston:—

"May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, abide with us all, now, and evermore. AMEN."

"With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."



